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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

AUGUST 1917

At the Somme — Mary Borden-Turner
In the World (V) — Maxim Gorki
The Reality of Peace (IV) — D. H. Lawrence
Up the Quoyle — Filson Young
A Noon-day Nocturne — Antonio de Navarro
Sir Herbert Tree and the British Theatre — Sidney Dark

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

An International Magna Charta — ·001
New Conditions—New Objectives — Miles
A British Commonwealth Party (II) — A. Randall Wells
Mesopotamias } Austin Harrison
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"Ireland a Nation!" — Major Stuart-Stephens
Books

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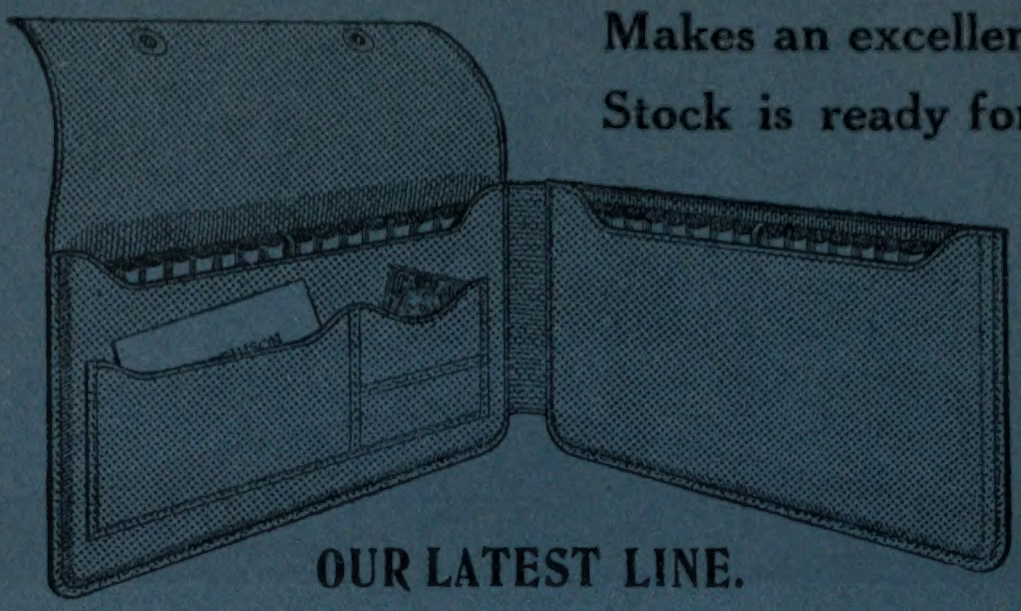

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¶ Think what these words mean, and picture to yourself the stricken and wounded men who have been through the terrible ordeal of trench fire. Even if they are not actually wounded they are mentally tortured, broken and weary from the strain of the battle. It is not far to the dressing-station, but every step is an eternity to those who are in pain—who feel the fever coming on, and whose throats are parched with the gas and smoke of the shells. We can only see it in imagination, and that is bad enough, and should at least stimulate us to do all in our power to refresh these wounded men and help them on their way. We can do it by supporting the work of the Y.M.C.A., whose rest huts are a welcome oasis to the pain-ridden soldiers staggering to the first advanced dressing-stations. Y.M.C.A. workers meet them and help them by giving them rest, food, and cigarettes. In the battles of Messines and Wytschaete the Y.M.C.A. served every track of walking wounded on the battle front. At first they were attached to the advanced dressing-stations; then halfway down the tracks from these stations there was a small hut to help them on the journey, and then, finally, at every collecting-post the Y.M.C.A. men were there to give the men the drink they so very much needed or to light a cigarette.

The appeal of the Y.M.C.A. for funds must not be made in vain. £100,000 is urgently needed, and it is our duty to see that it is quickly provided. The men are suffering to save us, and we must do all in our power to help. Because we cannot give a big donation there is no reason why we should not contribute all we can spare. Remember that it costs £600 a day to maintain the work which the Y.M.C.A. is now carrying on in over 2,000 centres—in France and Flanders, India and Mesopotamia, Salonika, Egypt, and at home—and from every battle front the soldiers are asking for an extension of the good work of succouring them in their need. £250 will provide a marquee fully equipped, and every £1 subscribed does something directly or indirectly to relieve the sufferings of those gallant men who are walking back—even it may be while you read these words—from the firing-line to the advanced dressing-station. Please send all donations to Major R. L. Barclay, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

A favourite smoke

¶ "When food is short, I grin and bear it and hope for better luck," writes a soldier boy from Salonika—"but for Heaven's sake don't let me run short of smokes. I smoke, and smoke, and smoke—and it soothes and helps when things look very blue. So buck up and send me cigs. and baccy as often as you can—you know my favourites, 'Three Nuns.'" In every parcel since despatched to that soldier there has been a neat little box containing 50 of his favourite "Three Nuns" cigarettes—and occasionally an ounce of baccy and a pipe. His choice is good, as many other soldiers and civilians will agree, for Bell's "Three Nuns" tobacco has been quite rightly named the *beau-ideal* of tobaccos. There is science in the blend, and art in the twist and cut of it—in fact, it is a veritable joy to smoke. "Three Nuns" has been the soothing consoler of many soldiers at the front, and is just as popular in the camps and hospitals at home. If you have any doubts about its quality, send for a testing sample

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¶ Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial Training Offices at St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, London, E.C., have been responsible for the training of many hundreds of educated women. Mrs. Hoster takes only well-educated girls, and in six months' time she qualifies them to take really responsible positions as secretaries and foreign correspondents.

During the war, when the call for responsible business women has been greater than ever before, Mrs. Hoster has placed pupils in practically all the Government offices, Banks, Insurance offices, as well as in many political and private secretarial positions. Offices of every description and in every direction have profited by the sound technical instruction she gives. The salaries commanded have ranged from £100 per annum for the more ordinary shorthand-typists, to £300 for the political and organising secretaries and department managers.

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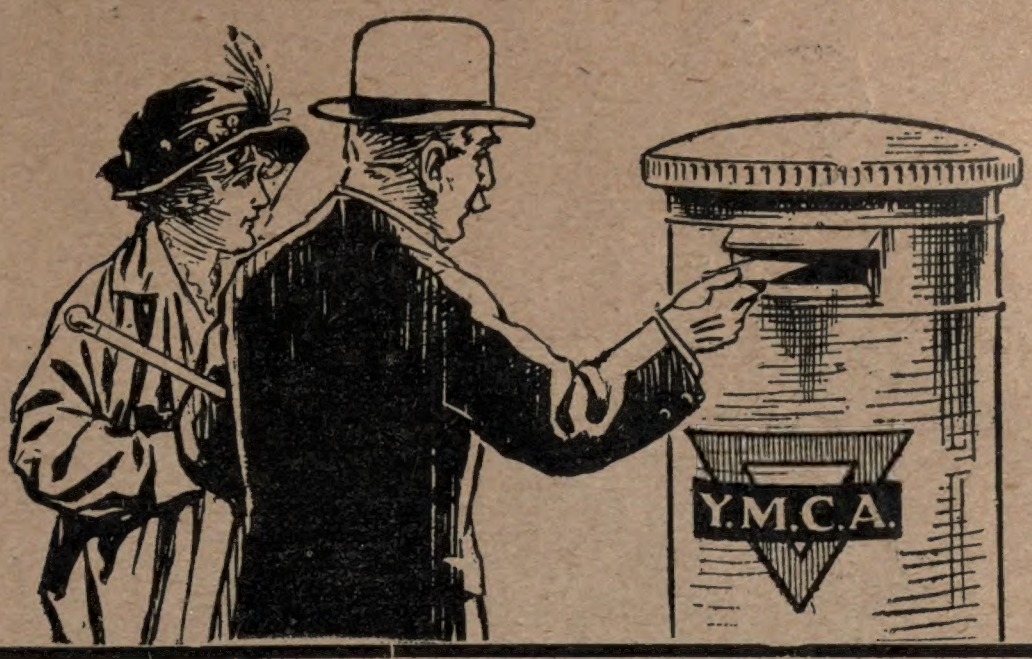
This course covers —special course of instruction in English, shorthand, typewriting, duplicating, stencilling, and general secretarial training, with technical German correspondence, etc., and German shorthand *or* technical French correspondence, etc., and French shorthand, £54 12s., or all of the above-mentioned subjects may be taken at a cost of £63, secretarial book-keeping being substituted for either French or German, and qualifies the pupil, as already stated, as a responsible secretarial worker. A course for Russian is also held.



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Never has the work of the Y.M.C.A. been more greatly needed, more deeply appreciated than now. It must not be allowed to suffer for want of funds. Help us to meet the growing requirements of our soldiers and sailors in the critical months that are at hand.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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S 269

Secretarial Training for Well-Educated Girls

How to obtain a Real Competency and Secure Future for your Daughters.

MANY parents who have allowed their well-educated daughters to take clerical positions since the war broke out, are now concerned with the slender nature of their prospects when the war ends. Naturally, these girls wish to continue their busy life, but from the little knowledge they have been able to pick up they realise how much more they need to know before they can hold a responsible and really remunerative post. Had time permitted of their being properly trained before taking their 25*s.* or 35*s.* a week position, not only might they now be commanding £3, £4, or £5 a week, but their future would be secure, as the following will suggest:—

> *"I know you take an interest in old 'trainers,' so I am writing to tell you I left my post as Private Secretary to Lord G—— at the end of October, to take up work as a Company Secretary. . . . I get £192 free of tax, which I suppose amounts to £215, and I have very nice hours and a nice office to myself."*

Parents wishing now to place their well-educated daughters in the world should seriously consider the prospects opened out here. The letter is of the type Mrs. Hoster continually receives from those she has trained and placed in responsible positions in every sphere of Professional, Business, and Political life. To give a well-educated girl Mrs. Hoster's six months' course of wide and practical secretarial training is to start her as a competent private or business secretary or foreign correspondent, instead of as a mere office junior or average typist—in other words, to place her in a position where both she and her country really benefit by all the money that has been spent on her school education.

Even before the war the demand for the well-educated girl, thoroughly trained by Mrs. Hoster's system, was far greater than Mrs. Hoster could meet. And a recent discussion by many eminent business men at the Royal Society of Arts showed that this class of really trained girls would be sought very much more in future.

Mrs. Hoster introduced the first woman to be admitted into one of the largest Insurance Offices at a commencing salary of £150. Now she is said to be "doing wonders" at the head of a department of sixty-two workers.

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Post in connection with one of the War Funds, at £3 10*s.* a week.

Private Secretary to a Bishop, at a salary of £120 a year and all meals.

Many others in Government Offices, Banks, Stockbrokers, and other congenial offices, bringing at the start from £2 to £3, rising to £4, and even £5 per week.

So great is the appreciation of Mrs. Hoster's system of training that she was asked to release her own Private Secretary at a day's notice for work in the Prime Minister's "Garden Suburb." Since the war broke out, Mrs. Hoster's Registry has found remunerative posts for 2,460 women and girls of the educated classes.

As the training is necessarily adapted to individual needs and aims, only a limited number of students can be accepted at any one time. *A few vacancies occur in September* for the Six Months' Course—the one generally taken. This qualifies the well-educated girl for practically any kind of secretarial position, and there is no doubt of her obtaining congenial and profitable work the moment she is fitted for it. Full particulars can be obtained now. Write:—

Mrs. HOSTER, F.I.P.S., Secretarial Training Offices,
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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1917

At the Somme*

By Mary Borden-Turner

Where is Jehovah?

WHERE is Jehovah, the God of Israel, with his Ark and
his Tabernacle and his Pillars of Fire?
He ought to be here—This place would suit him.
Here is a people pouring through a wilderness—
Here are armies camping in a desert—
Their little tents are like sheep flocking over the prairie—
It's all in the style of the God of Israel.
Here is a land that was silent and desolate, suddenly
covered with noise and confusion,
The wide, white plains and the shallow grey valleys are
smeared over with the disorder of armies.
Picardy is shaking with a fever,
Picardy's hills are wounded and broken,
Picardy's fields are scarred as with small-pox—
What a chance for His prophets!
What a playground for miracles!
A host of men at the end of their strength, fighting death,
fighting terror, with no one to worship—
He need but lift his finger—
Here are all his pet properties ready to hand, the thunder,
the lightning, the clouds and the fire—

* Under the Tricolour.

This is His hour, but Jehovah has missed it.
This is not His thunder nor His lightning—
These are not His people—
These are the armies of France and of England—
The thunder is the thunder of their guns, and the lightning that runs along the horizon is the flare and the flash of the battle that's raging; Moses is dead—and Joshua, who led His people into the promised land, is dead, and there are no more prophets to cry through the wilderness to comfort these people—
They must look after themselves.
All the host of them, each one of them, quite alone each one of them, every one of the hundred thousand of them, alone, must stand up to meet the war.
With the sky cracking—
With creatures of wide metal wings tearing the sky over his head—
With the earth shaking—
With the solid earth under his feet giving way—
With the hills covered with fire and the valleys smoking, and the few bare trees spitting bullets, and the long roads like liquid torrents, rolling up with guns and munitions and men, always men and more men, with these long roads rolling up like a river to drown him and no way of escape.
With the few houses broken, no walls, no enclosure, no protection.
With all of the universe crushing upon him, rain, sun, cold, dark, death, coming full on him.
With the men near him going mad, jibbering, bleeding, twisting,
With his comrade lying dead under his feet,
With the enemy beyond there, unseen, curious,
With eternity waiting, whispering to him through the noise of the cannon,
With the memory of his home haunting him, and the face of a woman who is waiting,
With the soft echoes of his children's sweet laughter sounding, and shells bursting with roars near him, but not drowning those voices,
He stands there.
He keeps on standing. He stands solid.

AT THE SOMME

He is so small in the landscape as to be almost invisible.
    We see him as a speck there—
He is dirty. He is tired. His stomach is empty—
He is stupid. His life has been stupid—
He has lived a few years without understanding,
He does not understand now—he will never understand—
He is bigger than all the world.
He is more important than all the army.
He is more terrible than all the war.
He stands there—

. . . . . .

But where is Jehovah, the God of the great drama, the
    God of Vengeance, the Lord of Hosts?
Here the scene is set for His acting—a desert, a promised
    land, a nation in agony waiting—
Jehovah's not here—
There's only a man standing,—quite still.

The Song of the Mud

THIS is the song of the mud,
The pale yellow glistening mud that covers the naked hills
    like satin,
The grey gleaming silvery mud that is spread like enamel
    over the valleys,
The frothing, squirting, spurting liquid mud that gurgles
    along the road-beds,
The thick elastic mud that is kneaded and pounded and
    squeezed under the hoofs of horses,
The invincible, inexhaustible mud of the War Zone.

This is the song of the mud, the uniform of the *poilu*.
His coat is of mud, his poor great flapping coat that is too
    big for him and too heavy,
His coat that once was blue, and now is grey and stiff with
    the mud that cakes it.
This is the mud that clothes him—
His trousers and boots are of mud—
And his skin is of mud—
And there is mud in his beard.

His head is crowned with a helmet of mud,
And he wears it—oh, he wears it well!
He wears it as a King wears the ermine that bores him—
He has set a new style in clothing,
He has introduced the *chic* of mud.

This is the song of the mud that wriggles its way into battle,
The impertinent, the intrusive, the ubiquitous, the unwelcome,
The slimy, inveterate nuisance,
That fills the trenches,
That mixes in with the food of the soldiers,
That spoils the working of motors and crawls into their secret parts,
That spreads itself over the guns,
That sucks the guns down and holds them fast in its slimy, voluminous lips,
That has no respect for destruction and muzzles the bursting of shells,
And slowly, softly, easily,
Soaks up the fire, the noise, soaks up the energy and the courage,
Soaks up the power of armies,
Soaks up the battle—
Just soaks it up and thus stops it.

This is the song of the mud, the obscene, the filthy, the putrid,
The vast liquid grave of our Armies—
It has drowned our men—
Its monstrous distended belly reeks with the undigested dead—
Our men have gone down into it, sinking slowly, and struggling and slowly disappearing.
Our fine men, our brave, strong young men,
Our glowing, red, shouting, brawny men,
Slowly, inch by inch, they have gone down into it.
Into its darkness, its thickness, its silence,
Relentlessly it drew them down, sucking them down,
They have been drowned there in thick, bitter, heaving mud—

AT THE SOMME

It hides them—oh, so many of them!
Under its smooth glistening surface it is hiding them blandly,
There is not a trace of them—
There is no mark where they went down.
The mute, enormous mouth of the mud has closed over them.

This is the song of the mud,
The beautiful, glistening, golden mud that covers the hills like satin;
The mysterious, gleaming, silvery mud that is spread like enamel over the valleys.
Mud, the fantastic disguise of the War Zone;
Mud, the extinguishing mantle of battles;
Mud, the smooth, fluid grave of our soldiers.
This is the song of the mud.

The Hill

From the top of the hill I looked down upon the marvellous landscape of the war, the beautiful, the romantic landscape of the superb, exulting war.
The crests of the wide surging hills were golden, and the red tents clustering on their naked sides were like flowers in a shining desert of hills.
It was evening. The long shallow valley was bathed in blue shadow, and through the shadow, as if swimming, I saw the armies moving.
The long convoys of their motors passed down the road, an endless line of mysterious energy rolling, and the troops spreading over the wide basin of the valley people the wilderness with a phantom host.
Camp fires gleamed down there.
The sun was setting, and against the brilliant sky, along the clear crest of the hills to the west, a regiment of cavalry went filing. A flock of aeroplanes was flying home with a great whirring of proud wings.

Dizzy with the marvellous spectacle of the war, I looked down across the rough foreground that dropped away in darkness beneath my feet.

A path, the deserted way of peaceful cattle, showed below, beyond the gaping caverns of abandoned trenches, and along the path a German prisoner was coming, driven by a black man on a horse.

The black man wore a turban, and he drove the prisoner before him as one drives an animal to market.

The German stumbled on heavily beneath the nose of his captor's horse. I could see the pallid disc of his face thrust forward and the exhausted lurching of his clumsy body. I could feel the heaviness of his despair.

Along the path that he travelled were piles of rubbish, old shell-cases, and boots, and battered helmets.

Two wooden crosses showed, sticking out of the rough ground.

And as I watched him disappear beneath the hill it seemed to me that his hate was like a curse crawling through the grave of our nation.

But beyond, in the deepening shadow of the valley, the marvellous spectacle of invincible phantom armies moved, as if swimming; and as I watched I heard, through the echoing of the guns, the faint crying music of bagpipes; the song of an unseen regiment marching.

The crests of the surging hills were still golden, and above the slumbering exultation of the prodigious war the fragile crescent of the new moon hung serene in the perfect sky.

In the World (v)*

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

The ikon-painting workshop occupied two rooms in a large house partly built of stone; one room had three windows overlooking the yard and one overlooking the garden, the other room had one window overlooking the garden and another facing the street. These windows were small and square, and their panes, irisated by age, unwillingly admitted the pale, diffused light of the winter days. Both rooms were closely packed with tables, and at each table sat the bent figure of an ikon-painter, and at others two. From the ceilings were suspended glass balls full of water which reflected the light from the lamps and threw it upon the square surfaces of the ikons in white, cold rays.

It was hot and stifling in the workshop; here worked about twenty men, ikon-painters, from Palekh, Kholia, Mstir. They all sat down in cotton overalls with unfastened collars; they had drawers made of ticking, and were barefooted or wore sandals. Over their heads stretched like a blue veil the smoke of cheap tobacco, and there was a thick smell of size, varnish, and rotten eggs. The melancholy Vlandimirski song flowed slowly like resin:—

> "How depraved the people have now become;
> The boy ruined the girl, and cared not who knew."

They sang other melancholy songs, but this was the one they sang most often. Its long drawn-out movement did not hinder one from thinking, did not impede the movement of the fine brush made of weasel hair over the surface of the ikons as it painted in the lines of the figure and laid upon the emaciated faces of the saints the fine lines of suffering. By the windows the chaser Golovev

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

plied his small hammer—he was a drunken old man with an enormous blue nose. The lazy stream of song was punctuated by the ceaseless dry tap of the hammer—it was like a worm gnawing at a tree. Some evil genius had divided the work into a long series of actions bereft of beauty and incapable of arousing any love for the business or interest in it. The squinting joiner, Panphil, ill-natured and malicious, brought the pieces of cypress and lilac wood of different sizes which he had planed and glued; the consumptive lad, Davidov, laid the colours on; his comrade, Sorokin, painted in the inscription; Milyashin outlined the design from the original with a pencil; old Golovev gilded it and embossed the pattern in gold; the finishers drew the landscape and the clothes of the figures, and then they were stood up faces or hands against the wall waiting for the work of the face painter.

It was very weird to see a large ikon intended for an ikonastasis or the doors of the altar standing against the wall without face, hands, or feet, just the sacerdotal vestments or the armour and the short garments of archangels. These variously painted tablets suggested death; that which should have put life into them was absent, but it seemed as if it had been there and had miraculously disappeared leaving only its heavy vestments behind.

When the features had been painted in by the face-painter the ikon was handed to the workman who filled in the design of the chaser; a different workman had to do the lettering, and the varnish was put on by the head workman himself, Ivan Larionovich, a quiet man. He had a grey face; his beard too was grey, the hair fine and silky; his grey eyes were peculiarly deep and sad. He had a pleasant smile, but one could not smile at him—he made one feel awkward somehow. He looked just like the image of Simon Stolpnik, just as lean and emaciated, and his motionless eyes looked in the same abstracted manner far away through people and walls.

Some days after I entered the workshop the banner-worker, a Cossack of the Don named Kapendiukhin, a handsome, mighty fellow, arrived in a state of intoxication, and with clenched teeth and his gentle, womanish eyes blinking, he began to smash up everything with his iron fist without uttering a word. Of medium height and well

built, he cast himself on the workroom like a cat chasing rats in a cellar. The others lost their presence of mind, and hid themselves away in the corners, calling out to one another:

"Knock him down!"

The face-painter, Evgen Sitanov, was successful in stunning the maddened creature by hitting him on the head with a small stool. The Cossack subsided on the floor, and he was immediately held down and tied up with towels, which he began to bite and tear with the teeth of a wild beast. This infuriated Evgen, and he jumped on the table and, with his hands pressed close to his sides, prepared to jump on the Cossack; tall and stout as he was, he would have inevitably crushed the breast-bone of Kapendiukhin by his leap, but at that moment Larionovich appeared on the scene in cap and overcoat, shook his finger at Sitanov, and said to the workmen in a quiet and businesslike tone:

"Carry him into the vestibule, and leave him there till he is sober."

They dragged the Cossack out of the workshop, set the chairs and tables straight, and once again set to work, letting fall short remarks on the strength of their comrade, prophesying that he would one day be killed by someone in a quarrel.

"It would be a difficult matter to kill him," said Sitanov very calmly, as if he were speaking of a business which he understood very well.

I looked at Larionovich, wondering perplexedly why these strong, pugilistic people were so easily ruled by him. He showed everyone how he ought to work; even the best workmen listened willingly to his advice; he taught Kapendiukhin more and with more words than the others.

"You, Kapendiukhin, are what is called a painter—that is, you ought to paint from life in the Italian manner. Painting in oils requires warm colours, and you have introduced too much white and made Our Lady's eyes as cold as winter. The cheeks are painted red like apples, and the eyes do not seem to belong to them. And they are not put in right either—one is looking over the bridge of the nose and the other has moved to the temple; and the face has come out not pure and holy, but crafty, wintry. You don't think about your work, Kapendiukhin."

The Cossack listened and made a wry face, then smiling impudently with his womanish eyes he said in his pleasant voice, which was rather hoarse with so much drinking:

"Ekh! I—va—a—n Larionovich! my father, that is not my trade. I was born to be a musician, and they put me among monks."

"With zeal any business may be mastered."

"No, what do you take me for? I ought to have been a coachman with a team of grey horses, eh?"

And protruding his Adam's apple he drawled despairingly:

"Eh, i'akh, if I had a leash of greyhounds
And dark brown horses,
Och, when I am in torment on frosty nights
I would fly straight, straight to my love!"

Ivan Larionovich, smiling mildly, set his glasses straight on his grey, sad, melancholy nose and went away; but a dozen voices took up the song in a friendly spirit, and there flowed forth a mighty stream of song which seemed to raise the whole workshop into the air and shake it with measured blows:

"By custom the horses know
Where the little lady lives."

The apprentice, Pashka Odintzov, threw aside his work of pouring off the yolks of the eggs, and, holding the shells in his hand, led the chorus in a masterly manner. Intoxicated by the sounds they all forgot themselves, they all breathed together as if they had but one bosom, and were full of the same feelings, looking sideways at the Cossack. When he sang the workshop acknowledged him as its master; they were all drawn to him, followed the brief movements of his hands; he spread his arms out as if he were about to fly. I believe that if he had suddenly broken off his song and cried, "Let us smash up everything," even the most serious of the workmen would have smashed the workshop to pieces in a few moments.

He sang rarely, but the power of his tumultuous songs was always irresistible and all-conquering; it was as if these people were not very strongly made and he could lift them up and set them on fire, as if everything was bent when it came within the warm influence of that mighty organ of his.

As for me, these songs aroused in me a hot feeling of envy for the singer, of his admirable power over people. A painful emotion flowed over my heart, making it feel as if it would burst. I wanted to weep and call out to the singers: "I love you!"

Consumptive, yellow Davidov, who was covered with tufts of hair, also opened his mouth, strangely resembling a young jackdaw newly burst out of the egg.

These happy, riotous songs were only sung when the Cossack started them; more often they sang the sad, drawn-out one about the depraved people, and another about the forests, and another about the death of Alexander I., "How our Alexander went to review his army." Sometimes at the suggestion of our best face-painter, Jikharev, they tried to sing some church melodies, but it was seldom a success. Jikharev always wanted one particular thing; he had only one idea of harmony, and he kept on stopping the song.

He was a man of forty-five, dry, bald, with black, curly, gipsy-like hair, and large black brows which looked like moustaches. His pointed, thick beard was very ornamental to his fine, swarthy, un-Russian face, but under his protuberant nose stuck out ferocious-looking moustaches, superfluous when one took his brows into consideration. His blue eyes did not match, the left being noticeably larger than the right.

"Pashka," he cried in a tenor voice to my comrade, the apprentice, "come along now, start off: 'Praise——' Now people listen!"

Wiping his hands on his apron, Pashka led off:

"Pr—a—a—ise——"

"The Name of the Lord," several voices caught it up, but Jikharev cried fussily:

"Lower, Evgen! Let your voice come from the very depths of the soul."

Sitanov, in a voice so deep that it sounded like the rattle of a drum, gave forth:

"R—rabi Gospoda (slaves of the Lord)——"

"Not like that! That part should be taken in such a way that the earth should tremble and the doors and windows should open of themselves!"

Jikharev was in a state of incomprehensible excitement;

his extraordinary brows went up and down on his forehead, his voice broke, his fingers played on an invisible dulcimer.

"Slaves of the Lord—do you understand?" he said importantly. "You have got to feel that right to the kernel of your being, right through the shell. Slaves, praise the Lord! How is it that you—living people—do not understand that?"

"We never seem to get it as you say it ought to be," said Sitanov quietly.

"Well, let it alone then!"

Jikharev, offended, went on with his work; he was the best workman we had, he could paint faces in the Byzantine manner, and artistically, in the new Italian style. When he took orders for ikonostasis Larionovich took counsel with him. He had a fine knowledge of all original image paintings—all the costly copies of miraculous ikons, Theodorovski, Kazanski, and others, passed through his hands. But when he lighted upon the originals he growled loudly:

"These originals tie us down, there is no getting away from that fact."

In spite of his superior position in the workshop he was less conceited than the others, and was kind to the apprentices—me and Pavl; he wanted to teach us the work, no one else ever bothered about us except him.

He was difficult to understand; he was not usually cheerful, and sometimes he would work for a whole week in silence like a dumb man. He looked on everyone as at strangers who amazed him, as if it were the first time he had come across such people. And although he was very very fond of singing, at such times he did not sing nor did he even listen to the songs. All the others watched him, winking at one another. He would bend over the ikon, which stood sideways, his tablet on his knees, the middle resting on the edge of the table, while his fine brush diligently painted the dark, foreign face—he was dark and foreign-looking himself. Suddenly he would say in a clear, offended tone:

"Forerunner—what does that mean? *Tech* means in ancient language to go. A forerunner is one who goes before, and that is all."

The workshop was very quiet; everyone was glancing

askance at Jikharev, laughing, and in the stillness rang out these strange words:

"He ought to be painted with a sheepskin and wings."

"Whom are you talking to?" I asked.

He was silent, either not hearing my question or not caring to answer it, then his words again fell into the expectant silence:

"The lives (of the saints) are what we ought to know! What do we know? We live without wings—where is the soul? The soul—where is it? The originals are there—yes—but where are the souls?"

This thinking aloud caused even Sitanov to laugh derisively, and almost always someone whispered with malicious joy:

"He will get drunk on Saturday."

Tall, sinewy Sitanov, a youngster of twenty-two years, with a round face without whiskers or eyebrows, gazed sadly and seriously into the corner.

I remember when the copy of the Theodorovski Madonna, which I believe was at Kungur, was finished, Jikharev placed the ikon on the table and said loudly, excitedly:

"It is finished, Little Mother! Bright Chalice, Thou! Thou, bottomless cup, in which are shed the bitter tears from the hearts of the world of creatures!"

And throwing an overcoat over his shoulders he went out to the tavern. The young men laughed and whistled, the elder ones looked after him with envious sighs, and Sitanov went to his work, and, looking at it attentively, explained:

"Of course he will go and get drunk because he is sorry to have to hand over his work. That sort of regret is not given to all."

Jikharev's drinking bouts always began on Saturday, and his, you must understand, was not the usual alcoholic fever of the workman. It began thus: in the morning he would write a note and send Pavl somewhere with it, and before dinner he would say to Larionovich:

"I am going to the bath to-day."

"Will you be long?"

"Well, Lord——"

"Please don't be gone over Tuesday!"

Jikharev bowed his bald cranium in assent, his brows twitched. When he returned from the baths he attired himself fashionably in a false shirt front and a cravat, attached a long silver chain to his satin waistcoat, and went out without speaking except to say to me and Pavl:

"Clean up the workshop before the evening; wash the large table and scrape it."

Then a kind of holiday excitement showed itself in everyone of them; they braced themselves up, cleaned themselves, ran to the bath, and had supper in a hurry; and after supper Jikharev appeared with light refreshments, beer and wine, and following him came a woman so exaggerated in every respect that she was almost a monstrosity. She was six feet five inches in height; all our chairs and stools looked like toys when she was there, even tall Sitanov looked under-sized beside her. She was well formed, but her bosom rose like a hillock to her chin, her movements were slow and awkward. She was about forty years of age, but her mobile face with its great horselike eyes was fresh and smooth, and her small mouth looked as if it had been painted on, like that of a cheap doll. She smiled and held out her broad hand to everyone, and spoke unnecessary words:

"How do you do? There is a hard frost to-day. What a stuffy smell there is here! It is the smell of paint. How do you do?"

To look at her, so calm and strong, like a large river at high tide, was pleasant, but her speech had a soporific influence, and was both superfluous and wearisome. Before she uttered a word she used to puff, making her almost livid cheeks rounder than ever. The young ones giggled and whispered amongst themselves:

"She is like an engine!"

"Like a steeple!"

Pursing her lips and folding her hands under her bosom, she sat at the cloth-covered table by the samovar and looked at us all in turn with a kind expression in her horse-like eyes.

Everyone treated her with great respect, and the younger ones were even rather afraid of her; the youths looked at that great body with eager eyes, but when they met her all-embracing glance they lowered their own eyes

in confusion. Jikharev was also respectful to his guest, addressed her as "you," called her "little comrade," and pressed hospitality upon her, bowing low the while.

"Now don't you put yourself out," she drawled sweetly; "what a fuss you are making of me really!"

As for herself she lived without hurry, her arms moved only from the elbow to the wrist, while the elbows themselves were pressed against her sides. From her came an ardent smell as of hot bread. Old Golovev, stammering in his enthusiasm, praised the beauty of the woman like a deacon chanting the Divine praises; she listened, smiling affably, and when he had become involved in his speech, she said of herself:

"We were not a bit handsome when we were young, this has all come through living as a woman. By the time we were thirty we had become so remarkable that even the nobility interested themselves in us, and one district commander actually promised a carriage with a pair of horses."

Kapendiukhin, tipsy and dishevelled, looked at her with a glance of hatred, and asked coarsely:

"What did he promise you that for?"

"In return for our love, of course," explained the guest.

"Love," muttered Kapendiukhin, "what sort of love?"

"Such a handsome young man as you are must know all about love," answered the woman simply.

The workshop shook with laughter, and Sitanov growled to Kapendiukhin:

"A fool, if no worse, she is! People only love that way through a great passion, as everyone knows."

He was pale with the wine he had drunk, drops of sweat stood on his temples like pearls, his intelligent eyes burned alarmingly.

But old Golovev, twitching his monstrous nose, wiped the tears from his eyes with his fingers, and asked:

"How many children did you have?"

"Only one."

Over the table hung a lamp, over the stove another. They gave a feeble light, thick shadows gathered in the corners of the workshop, from which looked half-painted headless figures. The dull grey patches in the place of hands and heads looked weird and large, and, as usual, it seemed to me that the bodies of the saints had secretly

disappeared from the painted garments. The glass balls, raised right up to the ceiling, hung there on hooks in a cloud of smoke, and gleamed with a blue light.

Jikharev went restlessly round the table, pressing hospitality on everyone, his broad, bald skull inclining first to one and then to another, his thin fingers always on the move. He was very thin, his nose, which was like that of a bird of prey, seemed to have grown sharper; when he stood sideways to the light the shadow of his nose lay on his cheek.

"Drink and eat, friends," he said in his ringing tenor.

"Why do you worry yourself, comrade? They all have hands, and everyone has his own hands and his own appetite; more than that no one can eat, however much they may want to!"

"Rest yourself, people," cried Jikharev in a ringing voice. "My friends, we are all the slaves of God, let us sing, 'Praise His Name.'"

The chant was not a success; they were all enervated and stupefied by eating and vodka drinking. In Kapendiukhin's hands was a harmonica with a double keyboard; young Victor Salautin, dark and serious as a young crow, took up a drum, and let his fingers wander over the tightly stretched skin which gave forth a deep sound; the tambourines tinkled.

"The Russian dance!" commanded Jikharev, "little comrade, please."

"Ach!" sighed the woman, rising, "what a worry you are!"

She went to the space which had been cleared, and stood there stolidly like a sentry. She wore a short brown skirt, a yellow batiste blouse, and a red handkerchief on her head.

The harmonica uttered passionate lamentations, its little bells rang, the tambourines tinkled, the skin of the drum gave forth a heavy, dull, sighing sound; this had an unpleasant effect, as if a man had gone mad and was groaning and sobbing and knocking his head against the wall.

Jikharev could not dance, he simply moved his feet about, and setting down the heels of his brightly polished boots jumped about like a goat, and that not in time with

the clamorous music. His feet seemed to belong to someone else, his body writhed unbeautifully, he struggled like a wasp in a spider's web, or a fish in a net—it was not at all a cheerful sight. But all of them, even the tipsy ones, seemed to be impressed by his convulsions; they all watched his face and arms in silence. The changing expressions of his face were amazing; now he looked kind and rather shy, suddenly he became proud and frowned harshly, now he seemed to be startled by something, sighed, closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them he wore a sad expression. Clenching his fists he stole up to the woman, and suddenly stamped his feet and fell on his knees in front of her with arms outspread, and raised brows, smiling ardently. She looked down upon him with an affable smile, and said to him calmly:

"Stand up, comrade."

She tried to close her eyes, but those eyes, which were in circumference like a three-kopek-piece, would not close, and her face wrinkled and assumed an unpleasant expression.

She could not dance either, and did nothing but move her enormous body from side to side, and noiselessly transfer it from place to place. In her left hand was a handkerchief which she waved languidly; her right was placed on her hip—this gave her the appearance of a large pitcher.

And Jikharev moved round this massive woman with so many different changes of expression that he seemed to be ten different men dancing instead of one: one was quiet and humble, the other proud and terrifying; in the third movement he was afraid, sighing gently, as if he desired to slip away unnoticed from the large, unpleasant woman. But still another person appeared gnashing his teeth and writhing convulsively like a wounded dog. This sad, ugly dance reminded me of the soldiers, the laundresses, and the cooks, and their vile behaviour.

Sitanov's quiet words stuck in my memory:

"In these affairs everyone lies, that's part of the business—everyone is ashamed, no one loves anyone—but it is simply an amusement."

I did not wish to believe that "everyone lied in these affairs." How about Queen Margot then? And of course

Jikharev was not lying. And I knew that Sitanov had loved a "street" girl, and that she had infected him with a disgusting disease, and that he had not beaten her for it as his comrades advised him to do, but had taken a room for her and cured her and always spoke of her with peculiar kindness and emotion.

The large woman went on rocking, smiling like a corpse, waving her handkerchief. Jikarev jumped convulsively about her, and I looked on and thought: "Could Eve, who was able to deceive God, have been anything like this horse?" I was seized by a feeling of dislike for her.

The fearless images looked from the dark walls; the dark night pressed against the window-panes. The lamps burned dimly in the stuffy workshop; if one listened one could hear above the heavy trampling and the din of voices the quick dropping of the dripping water from the copper wash-basin into the tub.

How unlike this was to the life I read of in books! Painfully unlike. At length they all grew weary of this, and Kapendiukhin put the harmonica into Salautin's hands, and cried:

"Go on! Fire away!"

He danced like Vanka Tzigan, just as if he was swimming in the air, then Pavl Odintzov and Sorokhin danced passionately and lightly after him. The consumptive Davidov also moved his feet about the floor, and coughed from the dust, smoke, and the strong odour of vodka and smoked sausage, which always smells like tanned hide.

They danced and sang and shouted, but each remembered that they were making merry, and gave each other a sort of test—a test of agility and endurance.

Tipsy Sitanov asked first one and then another:

"Do you think anyone could really love a woman like that?"

He looked as if he were on the verge of tears.

Larionovich, lifting the sharp bones of his shoulders, answered:

"A woman is a woman—what more do you want?"

The two of whom they spoke disappeared unnoticed. Jikharev reappeared in the workshop in two or three days, went to the bath, and worked for two weeks in his corner without speaking, pompous and estranged from everyone.

"Have they gone?" asked Sitanov of himself, looking round the workshop with sad, blue-grey eyes. His face was not handsome, there was something elderly about it, but his eyes were clear and good. Sitanov was friendly to me—a fact which I owe to my thick notebook in which I had written poetry. He did not believe in God, but it was hard to understand who in the workshop besides Larionovich loved God and believed in Him; they all spoke of Him with levity, derisively, just as they liked to speak of their mistresses. Yet when they dined or supped they all crossed themselves, and when they went to bed they said their prayers, and went to church on Sundays and feast days.

Sitanov did none of these things, and he was counted as an unbeliever.

"There is no God," he said.

"Where did we all come from then?"

"I don't know."

When I asked him how could God possibly not be, he explained:

"Don't you see that God is height?"

He raised his long arm above his head and then lowered it to an arshin from the floor and said:

"And man is depth! Is that true? And it is written: Man was created in the image and likeness of God, as you know! And what is Golovev like?"

This defeated me; the dirty and drunken old man in spite of his years was given to an unmentionable sin; I remembered the Viatski soldier, Ermokhin, and grandmother's sister—where was God's likeness in them?

"Human creatures are swine—as you know," said Sitanov, and then he tried to console me, "Never mind, Maxim, there are good people, there are!"

He was easy to get on with, he was so simple. When he did not know anything he said so frankly:

"I don't know; I never thought about it!"

This was something unusual; until I met him I had only come across people who knew everything and talked about everything. It was strange to me to see in his notebook, side by side with good poetry which touched the soul, many obscene verses which aroused no feeling but that of shame. When I spoke to him about Pushkin he

showed me "Gavrialad" which had been copied in his book:

"What is Pushkin? Nothing but a jester, but that Benediktov—he is worth paying attention to."

And closing his eyes he repeated softly:

"Look at the bewitching bosom
Of a beautiful woman."

And for some reason he was especially partial to the three lines which he quoted with joyful pride:

"Not even the orbs of an eagle
Into that warm cloister can penetrate
And read that heart."

"Do you understand that?"

It was very uncomfortable to me to have to acknowledge that I did not understand what he was so pleased about.

. . . . . .

The snow melted away from the fields, the wintry clouds in the sky passed away, wet snow and rain fell upon the earth, the sun was slower and slower in performing his daily journey, the air grew warmer, and it seemed that the joyful spring had already arrived, sportively hiding herself behind the fields, and would soon burst upon the town itself. In the streets there was brown mud, streams ran along the gutters, in the thawed places of Arestantski Square the sparrows hopped joyfully. And in human creatures also was apparent the same excitement as was shown by the sparrows. Above the sounds of spring, almost uninterruptedly from morning to night, rang out the Lenten bells, stirring one's heart with their muffled strokes.

. . . . . .

"Egg him on to steal Psalters. We shall soon be having three hampers of them in——"

I knew that they were talking about me, for when I entered the shop they both looked confused, and besides these signs, I had grounds for suspecting them of a foolish conspiracy against me.

This was not the first time that that assistant had been in the service of the man next door. He was accounted a

clever salesman, but he suffered from alcoholism; in one of his drinking bouts the master had dismissed him, but had afterwards taken him back. He was an anæmic, feeble individual with cunning eyes. Apparently amiable and submissive to the slightest gesture of his master, he smiled a little clever smile in his beard all the time, was fond of uttering sharp sayings, and exhaled the rotten smell which comes from people with bad teeth, although his own were white and strong.

One day he gave me a terrible surprise; he came towards me smiling pleasantly, but suddenly seized my cap off my head and took hold of my hair. We began to struggle; he pushed me from the gallery into the shop, trying all the time to throw me against the large images which stood about on the floor. If he had succeeded in this I should have broken the glass, or chipped the carving, and no doubt scratched some of the costly ikons. He was very weak and I soon overcame him, when to my great amazement the bearded man sat on the floor and cried bitterly, rubbing his bruised nose.

The abominableness of being charitable at another person's expense and the realisation of the rotten trap that had been set for me—both these things aroused in me a feeling of indignation and disgust with myself and everyone else. For several days I tormented myself cruelly, waiting for the arrival of the hamper with the books. At length they came, and when I was putting them away in the store-room the shopman from next door came to me and asked me to give him a Breviary:

Then I asked him:

"Did you tell my master about the ikon?"

"I did," he answered in a melancholy voice, "I can keep nothing back, brother."

This utterly confounded me, and I sat on the floor staring at him stupidly while he muttered hurriedly, confusedly, desperately miserable:

"You see your man guessed—or rather mine guessed and told yours——"

I thought I was lost. These people had been conspiring against me, and now there was a place ready for me in the colony for youthful criminals! If that were so nothing mattered! If one must drown it is better to drown

in a deep spot. I put a Breviary into the hands of the shopman; he hid it in the sleeves of his greatcoat and went away. But he returned suddenly, the Breviary fell at my feet, and the man strode away, saying:

"I won't take it! It would be all over with you."

I did not understand these words. Why should it be all over with me? But I was very glad that he had not taken the book. After this my little shopman began to regard me with more disfavour and suspicion than ever.

I remembered all this when Larionovich went upstairs; he did not stay there long and came back more depressed and quiet than usual, but before supper he said to me privately:

"I tried to arrange for you to be set free from the shop and given over to the workshop, but it was no good. Kouzma would not have it. You are very much out of favour with him."

I had an enemy in the house too—the shopman's fiancée, an immoderately sportive damsel. All the young fellows in the workshop played about with her; they used to wait for her in the vestibule and embrace her. This did not offend her, she only squeaked like a little dog. She was chewing something from morning to night, her pockets were always full of ginger-bread or buns, her jaws moved ceaselessly. To look at her vacant face with its restless grey eyes was unpleasant. She used to ask Pavl and me riddles which always concealed some coarse obscenity, and repeated catchwords which being said very quickly became improper words.

One day one of the elderly workmen said to her:

"You are a shameless hussy, my girl!"

To which she answered swiftly in the words of a ribald song:

"If a maiden is too modest
She'll never be a woman worth having."

It was the first time I had ever seen such a girl. She disgusted and frightened me with her coarse playfulness, and seeing that her antics were not agreeable to me she became more and more spiteful towards me.

Once when Pavl and I were in the cellar helping her to steam out the casks of kvass and cucumbers, she suggested:

"Would you like me to teach you how to kiss, boys?"

"I know how to kiss better than you do," Pavl answered, and I told her to go and kiss her future husband, and I did not say it very politely either.

She was angry.

"Oh, you coarse creature! A young lady makes herself agreeable to him and he turns up his nose. Well I never! What a ninny!"

And she added, shaking a threatening finger at me:

"You just wait. I will remember that to you!"

And Pavl said to her, taking my part:

"Your young man would give you something if he knew about your behaviour!"

She screwed up her pimply face contemptuously.

"I am not afraid of him! I have a dowry! I am much better than he is! A girl only has the time till she is married to amuse herself in."

And she began to play about with Pavl, and from that time I found in her an unwearying calumniator.

My life in the shop became harder and harder. I read church books all the time; the disputes and conversations of the valuers had ceased to amuse me, they were always talking over the same things in the same old way. Petr Vassilich alone still interested me with his knowledge of the dark side of human life, his power of speaking interestingly and enthusiastically. Sometimes I thought he must be the prophet Elias walking the earth, solitary and vindictive. But each time that I spoke to the old man frankly about people or about my own thoughts he repeated all that I had said to the shopman, who either ridiculed me offensively or abused me angrily.

One day I told the old man that I sometimes wrote his sayings in the notebook in which I had copied various poems taken out of books. This greatly alarmed the valuer, who limped towards me swiftly, asking anxiously:

"What did you do that for? It is not worth while, my lad. So that you may remember? No, you just give it up! What a boy you are! Now you will give me what you have written, won't you?"

He tried long and earnestly to persuade me either to give him the notebook or to burn it, and then he began to whisper angrily with the shopman.

As we were going home the latter said to me:

"You have been taking notes? That has got to be stopped! Do you hear? Only detectives do that sort of thing!"

Then I asked incautiously:

"And what about Sitanov? He also takes notes."

"Also—that long fool?"

He was silent for a long time, and then with unusual gentleness he said:

"Listen, if you show me your notebook and Sitanov's too, I will give you half a rouble! Only do it on the quiet so that Sitanov does not see."

No doubt he thought that I should carry out his wish, and without saying another word he ran in front of me on his short legs.

When I reached the house I told Sitanov what the shopman had proposed to me. Evgen frowned.

"You have been chattering purposely. Now he will give someone instructions to steal both our notebooks. Give me yours—I will hide it. And he will turn you out before long—you see!"

I was convinced of that, too, and resolved to leave as soon as grandmother returned to the town. She had been living at Balakhania all the winter, invited by someone to teach young girls to make lace. Grandfather was again living in Kunavin Street, but I did not visit him, and when he came to the town he never came to see me. One day we ran into each other in the street. He was walking along in a heavy raccoon pelisse, importantly and slowly. I said "How do you do?" to him; he lifted his hands to shade his eyes and looked at me from under them, and then said thoughtfully:

"Oh, it is you—you are an image-painter now. Yes, yes—all right, get along with you."

Pushing me out of his way he continued his walk slowly and importantly.

I saw grandmother seldom; she worked unweariedly to feed grandfather, who was suffering from the malady of old age—senile weakness, and had also taken upon herself the care of my uncle's children.

The one who caused her the most worry was Sascha, Mikhail's son, a handsome lad, dreamy and book-loving.

He worked in a dyer's shop, frequently changed his employers, and in the intervals threw himself on grandmother's shoulders, calmly waiting until she should have found him another place. She had Sascha's sister on her shoulders, too, who had made an unfortunate marriage with a drunken workman, who beat her and turned her out of his house.

Every time I met grandmother I was more consciously charmed by her personality, but felt already that that beautiful soul, blinded by fanciful tales, was not capable of seeing, could not understand a revelation of the bitter reality of life, and my disquietude, my restlessness were strange to her.

"You must have patience, Olesha!"

This was all she had to say to me in reply to my stories of the hideous lives, of the tortures of the people, of sorrow—of all which perplexed me, and with which I was burning.

I was unfitted by nature to be patient, and if occasionally I exhibited that virtue which belongs to cattle, trees, and stones, I did so in the cause of discipline, to test my reserves of strength, my degree of stability upon earth. Sometimes young people, with the stupidity of youth, will keep on trying to lift weights too heavy for their muscles and bones, will try boastfully, like full-grown men of proved strength, to cross themselves with heavy weights, envious of the strength of their elders.

I also did this in a double sense, physically and spiritually, and it is only due to some chance that I did not strain myself dangerously or deform myself for the rest of my life. Besides, nothing disfigures a man more terribly than his patience, the submission of his strength to external conditions.

And though in the end I shall lie in the earth disfigured, I can say, not without pride, to my last hour, that good people did their very best for forty years to disfigure my soul, but that their labours were not very successful.

The wild desire to play mischievous pranks, to amuse people, to make them laugh, took more and more hold of me. I was successful in this. I could tell stories about the merchants in the market-place, impersonating them; I could imitate the peasant men and women buying and

selling ikons, the shopman skilfully cheating them; the valuers disputing amongst themselves.

The workshop resounded with laughter; often the workmen left their work to look on at my impersonations, but on all these occasions Larionovich would say:

"You had better do your acting after supper, otherwise you hinder the work."

When I had finished my performance I felt myself easier, as if I had thrown off a burden which weighed upon me. For half an hour or an hour my head felt pleasantly clear, but soon it felt again as if it were full of sharp, small nails which moved about and grew hot. It seemed to me that a sort of dirty porridge was boiling around me and that I was being gradually boiled away in it.

I wondered: Was life really like this? And should I have to live as these people lived, never finding, never seeing anything better?

"You are growing sulky, Maximich," said Jikharev, looking at me attentively.

Sitanov often asked me:

"What is the matter with you?"

And I could not answer him.

Life perseveringly and roughly washed out from my soul its most delicate writings, maliciously changing them into some sort of indistinct trash, and with anger and determination I resisted its violence. I was floating on the same river as all the others, only for me the waters were colder and did not support me as easily as it did the others. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was gently sinking into unfathomable depths.

People behaved better to me; they did not shout at me as they did at Pavl, nor harass me; they called me by my patronymic in order to emphasise their more respectful attitude towards me. This was good, but it was torturing to see how many of them drank vodka, how disgustingly drunk they became, and how injurious to them were their relations with women, although I understood that vodka and women were the only diversions that life afforded.

I often called to mind with sorrow that that most intelligent, courageous woman, Natalia Kozlovski, was also called a woman of pleasure. And what about grandmother? And Queen Margot?

I used to think of my Queen with a feeling almost of terror; she was so removed from all the others, it was as if I had seen her in a dream.

I began to think too much about women, and I had already revolved in my own mind the question: should I go on the next holiday where all the others went? This was no physical desire. I was both healthy and fastidious, but at times I was almost mad with a desire to embrace someone tender, intelligent, and frankly, unrestrainedly, as to a mother, speak of her of the disturbances of my soul.

I envied Pavl when he told me at night of his affair with a maidservant in the opposite house.

"It is a funny thing, brother—a month ago I was throwing snowballs at her because I did not like her, and now I sit on a bench and hug her—she is dearer to me than anyone!"

"What do you talk about?"

"About everything, of course! She talks to me about herself, and I talk to her about myself. And then we kiss—only she is honest. In fact, brother, she is so good that it is almost a misfortune! Why, you smoke like an old soldier!"

I smoked a lot; tobacco intoxicated me, dulled my restless thoughts, my agitated feelings. As for vodka it only aroused in me a repulsion towards my own odour and taste, but Pavl drank with a will, and when he was drunk he used to cry bitterly:

"I want to go home, I want to go home! Let me go home!"

As far as I can remember he was an orphan; his mother and father had been dead a long time, brother and sister he had none—he had lived amongst strangers for eight years.

In this state of restless dissatisfaction the call of spring disturbed me still more, and I made up my mind to go on a boat again, and if I could get as far as Astrakhan, to run away to Persia. I do not remember why I selected Persia particularly. It may have been because I had taken a great fancy to the Persian merchants on the Nijigorodski market-place, sitting like stone idols, spreading their dyed beards out in the sun, calmly smoking their hookahs, with large, dark, omniscient eyes.

There is no doubt that I should have run away somewhere, but one day in Easter week, when part of the occupants of the workshop had gone to their homes, and the rest were drinking, I was walking on a sunny day on the banks of the Oka, when I met my old master, grandmother's nephew. He was walking along in a light grey overcoat, with his hands in his pockets, a cigarette between his teeth, his hat on the back of his head. His pleasant face smiled kindly at me. He had the appearance of a man who is at liberty and is happy, and there was no one beside ourselves in the fields.

"Ah, Pyeshkov, Christ is risen!"

After we had exchanged the Easter kiss, he asked how I was living, and I told him frankly that the workshop, the town, and everything in general were abhorrent to me, and that I had made up my mind to go to Persia.

"Give it up," he said to me gravely. "What the devil is there in Persia? I know exactly how you are feeling, brother; in my youth I also had the wander fever."

I liked him for telling me this. There was something about him good and springlike—he was a being set apart.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, holding out a silver cigarette-case full of fat cigarettes.

That completed his conquest of me.

"What you had better do, Pyeshkov, is to come back to me again!" he suggested. "For this year I have undertaken contracts for the new market-place, you understand? And I can make use of you there; you will be a kind of overseer for me, you will receive all the material, you will see that it is all in its proper place, and that the workmen do not steal it—will that suit you? Your wages will be five roubles a month and five kopeks for dinner! The womenfolk will have nothing to do with you; you will go out in the morning and return in the evening. As for the women—you can ignore them, only don't let them know that we have met, but just come to see us on Sunday at Phomin Street—it will be a change for you!"

We parted like friends.

The Reality of Peace (iv)

By D. H. Lawrence

The Orbit

It is no good thinking of the living dead. The thought of them is almost as hurtful as their presence. One cannot fight them. One can only know them as the great static evil which stands against life and against death; and then one skirts them round as if they were a great gap in existence. It is most fearful to fall into that gap. But it is necessary to move in strength round about it, on the actual fields of life and death. We must ignore the static nullity of the living dead, and speak of life and speak of death.

There are two ways and two goals, as it has always been. And so it will always be. Some are set upon one road, the road of death and undoing, and some are set upon the other road, the road of creation. And the fulfilment of every man is the following his own separate road to its end. No man can cause another man to have the same goal or the same path as himself. All paths lead either to death or to the heaven on earth, ultimately. But the paths are like the degrees of longitude, the lines of longitude drawn on a geographer's globe—they are all separate.

Every man has his goal, and this there is no altering. Except by asserting the free will. A man may choose nullity. He may choose to absolve himself from his fate either of life or death. He may oppose his self-will, his free will, between life and his own small entity, or between true death and himself. He may insulate and cut himself off from the systole diastole of life and death, either within his own small horny integument of a will, or within the big horny will of the herd of humanity. Humanity is like a mass of beetles: it is one monstrosity of multiple identical units. It is like the much-vaunted ant-swarms, an insulated oneness made out of myriads of null units, one big, self-

absorbed nullity. Such is humanity when it is self-absorbed.

And so much free will have we: if life comes to us, like a potentiality of transcendence, we *must* yield our ultimate will to the unknown impulse or remain outside, abide alone, like the corn of wheat, outside the river of life; if death comes to us, the desire to act in strength of death, we *must* have the courage of our desire, and ride deathwards like the knights of the Dark Ages, covered with armour of imperviousness and carrying a spear and a shield by which we are known; we must do this, of our own free will and courage accept the mission of death, or else roll up like a wood-louse enfolded upon our own ego, our own entity, our own self-will, roll up tight on our own free will, and remain outside. So much free will there is. That the free will of humanity can provide a great unified hive of immunity from life and death does not make us any more intrinsically alone from life and death. That we are many millions cut off from life and death does not make us any less cut off. That we are contained within the vast nullity of humanity does not make us other than null. That we are a vast colony of wood-lice, fabricating elaborate social communities like the bees or the wasps or the ants, does not make us any less wood-lice curled up upon nothingness, immune in a vast and multiple negation. It only shows us that the most perfect social systems are probably the most complete nullities, that all relentless organisation is in the end pure negation. Who wants to be like an ant? An ant is a little scavenger, a perfect social system of scavengers.

So much free will there is. There is the free will to choose between submitting the will, and so becoming a spark in a great tendency, or withholding the will, curling up within the will, and so remaining outside, exempt from life or death. That death triumphs in the end, even then, does not alter the fact that we can live exempt in nullity, exerting our free will to negation.

All we can do is to know in singleness of heart *which* is our road, then take it unflinching to the end, having given ourselves over to the road. For the straight road of death has splendour and brave colour; it is emblazoned with passion and adventure, sparkling of running leopards and steel

and wounds, languorous with drenched lilies that glisten cold and narcotic from the corrupt mould of self-sacrifice. And the road of life has the buttercups and wild birds' whistling of real spring, magnificent architecture of created dreams. I tread the subtle way of edged hostility, bursting through the glamorous pageant of blood for the undying glory of our gentle Iseult, some delicate dame. some lily unblemished watered by blood. Or I bring forth an exquisite unknown rose from the tree of my veins, a rose of the living spirit, beyond any woman and beyond any man transcendent. To the null, my rose of glistening transcendence is only a quite small cabbage. When the sheep get into the garden they eat the roses indifferently, but the cabbages with gluttonous absorption. To the null, my pageantry of death is so much mounteback performing; or, if I tilt my spear under the negative nose, it is monstrous, inhuman criminality, to be crushed out and stifled, to be put down with an unanimous hideous bleating of righteousness.

There are two roads and a no-road. We will not concern ourselves with the no-road. Who wants to go down a road which is no road? The proprietor may sit at the end of his no-road, like a cabbage on its blind gut of a stalk.

There are two roads, the no-road forgotten. There are two roads. There is hot sunshine leaping down and interpenetrating the earth to blossom. And there is red fire rushing upward on its path to return, in the coming asunder. Down comes the fire from the sun to the seed, splash into the water of the tiny reservoir of life. Up spurts the foam and steam of greenness, a tree, a fountain of roses, a cloud of steamy pear-blossom. Back again goes the fire, leaves shrivel and roses fall, back goes the fire to the sun, away goes the dim water.

So and such is all life and death—apart from the slug-like sheep. There is swift death, and slow. I set a light to the flowery bush, and the balance overtopples into the road of flame; up rushes the bush on wings of fiery death, away goes the dim water in smoke.

The sheep feed upon the moist, fat grass till they are sodden mounds of scarcely kindled grey mould. Quick, the balance! Quick, the golden lion of wrath, pierce them with flame, drink them up to a superb leonine being. It is

the quick way of death. Sheep blaze up to the sun in the golden bonfire of the lion; they trickle to darkness in spilled dark blood. The deer is a trembling flower full of shadow and quenched light, fostered in the immunity of the herd. The self-preservation of the herd is round about the shy doe; she will multiply so that the earth is alive with her offspring—if it were not for the tiger. The tiger like a brand of fire leaps upon her to restore the balance. His too-much heat drinks their coolness, he waters his thirst with the moist fawn. And the flame of him goes up to the sun brindled with tongues of smoke; the deer dissipate like dark mists into the air and the earth. He is a crackling bush burning back to the sun, and burning not away. They are the mists of morning stealing forth and distilling themselves over the sweet earth. So the uneasy balance of life adjusts itself here with the aid of violent death.

Shall we be all like lambs, pellucid flickerings of shadow? Yes, but for the quick mottled leopard and the all-vivid spark of the sharp steel knife. Shall we be all tigers, brands seized in the burning? It is impossible. For even the mother-tiger is quenched with insuperable tenderness when the milk is in her udder; she lies still, and her dreams are frail like fawns. All is somehow adjusted in a strange, unstable equilibrium.

We are tigers, we are lambs. Yet are we also neither tigers nor lambs, nor immune sluggish sheep. We are beyond all this, this relative life of uneasy balancing. We are roses of pure and lovely being. This we are, ultimately, beyond all dark and light. Yes, we are tigers, we are lambs, both, in our various hour. We are both these, and more. Because we are both these, because we are lambs, frail and exposed, because we are lions furious and devouring, because we are both, and have the courage to be both, in our separate hour, therefore we transcend both, we pass into a beyond, we are roses of perfect consummation.

Immediately we must be both these, both tigers and lambs, according to the hour and the unknown balance; we must be both, in the immediate life, that ultimately we are roses of unfailing glad peace.

Nevertheless, this is the greatest truth: we are neither

lions of pride and strength, nor lambs of love and submission. We are roses of perfect being.

It is very great to be a lion of glory, like David or Alexander. But these only exist on the lives they consume, as a fire needs fuel. It is very beautiful to be the lamb of innocence and humility, like St. Francis and St. Clare. But these only shine so star-like because of the darkness of the night on which they have risen, like the lily of light balances herself upon a fountain of unutterable shadow.

Where is there peace, if I take my being from the balance of pure opposition? If all men were Alexanders, what then? And even if all men followed St. Francis or St. Bernard, the race of mankind would be extinct in a generation. Think, if there were no night, we could not bear it; we should have to die. For the half of us is shadow. And if there were no day, we should dissolve in the darkness and be gone, for we are creatures of light.

Therefore, if I assert myself a creature purely of light, it is in opposition to the darkness which is in me. If I vaunt myself a lion of strength, I am merely set over and balanced against the lambs which are gentle and meek. My form and shape in either case depend entirely on the virtue of resistance, my life and my whole being. I am like one of the cells in any organism, the pressure from within and the resistance from without keep me as I am. Either I follow the impulse to power, or I follow the impulse of submission. Whichever it is, I am only half, complemented by my opposite. In a world of petty Alexanders, St. Francis is the star. In a world of sheep the wolf is god. Each, saint or wolf, shines by virtue of opposition.

Where, then, is there peace? If I am a lamb with Christ, I exist in a state of pure tension of opposition to the lion of wrath. Am I the lion of pride? It is my fate for ever to fall upon the lamb of meekness and love. Is this peace, or freedom? Is the lamb devoured more free than the lion devouring, or the lion than the lamb? Where is there freedom?

Shall I expect the lion to lie down with the lamb? Shall I expect such a thing? I might as well hope for the earth to cast no shadow, or for burning fire to give no heat. It is no good, these are mere words. When the lion lies down

with the lamb he is no lion, and the lamb, lying down with him, is no lamb. They are merely a neutralisation, a nothingness. If I mix fire and water, I get quenched ash. And so if I mix the lion and the lamb. They are both quenched into nothingness.

Where, then, is there peace? The lion will never lie down with the lamb; in all reverence let it be spoken. Whilst the lion is lion, he must fall on the lamb, to devour her. This is his lionhood and his peace, in so far as he has any peace. And the peace of the lamb is to be devourable.

Where, then, is there peace? There is no peace of reconciliation. Let that be accepted for ever. Darkness will never be light, neither will the one ever triumph over the other. Whilst there is darkness, there is light; and when there is an end of darkness, there is an end of light. There are lions, and there are lambs; there are lambs, and thus there are lions predicated. If there are no lions feline, we are the devourers, leonine enough. This is our manhood also, that we devour the lambs. Am I in my conceit more than myself? Not more, but less. I lie down with the lamb and eat grass. What then, I am only the neutralisation of a man.

Where, then, is there peace, which we must seek and pursue, since it is the ultimate condition of our nature? It is peace for the lion when he carries the crushed lamb in his jaws. It is peace for the lamb then she quiver light and irresponsible within the strong, supporting apprehension of the lion. Where is the skipping joyfulness of the lamb when the magnificent, strong responsibility of the lion is removed? The lamb need take no thought; the lion is responsible for death in her world.

But let there be no lion, and no exquisite apprehension in the lamb, what does she degenerate into? A clod of stupid weight. Look in the eyes of your sheep, and see there the pitch of tension which holds her against the golden lion of pride. See in the eyes of the sheep the soul of the sheep, giving with coward's jeering malice the lie to the great mystic truth of death. Look at the doe of the fallow deer as she turns back her eyes in apprehension. What does she ask for, what is her helpless passion? Some unutterable thrill in her waits with unbearable acuteness for the leap of the mottled leopard. Not of the conjunction

with the hart is she consummated, but of the exquisite laceration of fear, as the leopard springs upon her loins, and his claws strike in, and he dips his mouth in her. This is the white-hot pitch of her helpless desire. She cannot save herself. Her moment of frenzied fulfilment is the moment when she is torn and scattered beneath the paws of the leopard, like a quenched fire scattered into the darkness. Nothing can alter it. This is the extremity of her desire, this desire for the fearful fury of the brand upon her. She is balanced over at the extreme edge of submission, balanced against the bright beam of the leopard like a shadow against him. The two exist by virtue of juxtaposition, in pure polarity. To destroy the one would be to destroy the other; they would vanish together. And to try to reconcile them is only to bring about their nullification.

Where, then, is there peace if the primary law of all the universe is a law of dual attraction and repulsion, a law of polarity? How does the earth pulse round her orbit save in her overwhelming haste towards the sun and her equivalent rejection back from the sun? She swings in these two, the earth of our habitation, making the systole diastole of our diurnal, of our yearly life. She pulses in a diurnal leap of attraction and repulsion, she travels in a great rhythm of approach and repulse.

Where, then, is there peace? There is peace in that perfect consummation when duality and polarity is transcended into absolution. In lovely, perfect peace the earth rests on her orbit. She has found the pure resultant of gravitation. She goes on for ever in pure rest, she rests for ever in perfect motion, consummated into absolution from a complete duality. Fulfilled from two, she is transported into the perfection of her orbit.

And this is peace. The lion is but a lion, the lamb is but a lamb, half and half separate. But we are the two halves together. I am a lion of pride and wrath, I am a lamb with Christ in meekness. They live in one wide landscape of my soul; the roaring and the tremulous bleating of their different voices sound from the distance like pure music.

It is by rage and strength of the lion, and the white, joyous freedom from strength of the lamb, by the equipoise

of these two in perfect conjunction, that I pass from the limitation of a relative world into the glad absolution of the rose. It is when I am drawn by centripetal force into communion with the whole, and when I flee in equivalent centrifugal force away into the splendour of beaming isolation, when these two balance and match each other in mid-space, that suddenly, like a miracle, I find the peace of my orbit. Then I travel neither back nor forth, I hover in the unending delight of a rapid, resultant orbit.

When the darkness of which I am an involved seed, and the light which is involved in me as in a seed, when these two draw from the infinite sources towards me, when they meet and embrace in a perfect kiss and a perfect contest of me, when they foam and mount in their ever-intensifying communion in me until they achieve a resultant absolution of oneness, a rose of being blossoming upon the bush of my mortality, then I have peace.

It is not of love that we are fulfilled, but of love in such intimate equipoise with hate that the transcendence takes place. It is not in pride that we are free, but in pride so perfectly matched by meekness that we are liberated as into blossom. There is a transfiguration, a rose with glimmering petals, upon a bush that knew no more than the dusk of green leaves heretofore. There is a new heaven on the earth, there is new heaven and new earth, the heaven and earth of the perfect rose.

I am not born fulfilled. The end is not before the beginning. I am born uncreated. I am a mixed handful of life as I issue from the womb. Thenceforth I extricate myself into singleness, the slow-developed singleness of manhood. And then I set out to meet the other, the unknown of womanhood. I give myself to the love that makes me join and fuse towards a universal oneness, I give myself to the hate that makes me detach myself, extricate myself vividly from the other in sharp passion; I am given up into universality of fellowship and communion, I am distinguished in keen resistance and isolation, both so utterly, so exquisitely, that I am and I am not at once; suddenly I lapse out of the duality into a sheer beauty of fulfilment, I am a rose of lovely peace.

Up the Quoyle

By Filson Young

SEALS swam beside my boat as I slid up the lough with the stream. They had come in with the flood to see what provision for them the tide was carrying in from the open sea; yet to look at them was almost to believe that they had no other end than enjoyment of the sunshine and the smooth water, so lazily did they thrust their brown muzzles above the sliding blue stream, so curiously and (one might have thought) so admiringly did they look about them at the sweet green shores, edged with golden weed, between which, as the moon draws the sea, their wandering fancy had led them.

It was Sunday afternoon, and a profound peace, as of a natural Sabbath, steeped this golden bit of Ireland in its influence. No birds were working about the rocks or headlands; no craft save my own was visible on the inland sea; no sound came from the shores but the echo of the deep and drowsy murmurings of the tide. On every point or promontory where the land in its sheath of brown weed clove the water a heron was sitting—drowned in contemplation, enchanted by the spell of the hour into a very ecstasy of stillness. Even the seals seemed to swim in a dream of languorous repose. Only the tide was living and occupied with the task of its unending pendulum journey, writing its mysterious riddles in eddies and circles and tracing unreadable letters on the sky-deep mirror of the flood. Now it would break into a chatter of wavelets that opposed one another as in a teacup tempest; anon the slate would be wiped smooth, and on its oily surface, fringed with ripples the mysterious runes and writings would reappear. Great circles of smoothness spun slowly round pin-hole vortices, sliding up on the current until they died away, to reappear again lower down and repeat their journey. But in all this affluent commotion of the tide there was nothing to break in upon the spell of silence and

repose. Rather the stillness of the surrounding world seemed to be deepened by contrast with the solemn pouring in of the waters. It was as though some visitor from another world should wander into an enchanted castle, where all the doors and windows were open to the air, and flowers bloomed on the terraces, and the breeze stirred in the pages of books lying open in the sunshine; and should pass from chamber to chamber, and find all the inhabitants sleeping.

* * *

The soft wind and the moving surface of the tide bore me fast beside the wooded shores, past Audley's Point and the Chapel Island, past the Skate Rock, with a cormorant on its perch, to where the Green Island marks the entrance to the Quoyle River. Here I turned in and, the flood still bearing me onward, began to beat up the estuary of this little river that never ceases to be part of the sea until suddenly, at the flood gates, it becomes a mere stream, and starwort takes the place of bladder-wrack and sleetch-grass in its depths. There is a great charm in thus following the course of a little river up from the sea. The interest of tracing a streamlet from its birthplace in the hills to its estuary, in growing up with it, as it were, from infancy to maturity and death, is great; but greater far to me is the joy of following up some deep-penetrating arm of the sea, where the questing tides come in from the rough-and-tumble of the channel to visit secret haunts far among the inland farms, and from surging about the weedy foundations of some deep-sea rock to snatch an hour of peace at the very gate of a cottage garden; to meet and mingle, all salt and foam-fretted and wind-beaten they, with the quiet river waters from among the heather. In the reverse journey, from the source to the sea, there is something of the sadness of ordinary human experience, of growing old, of leaving behind one the known and familiar, and of advancing to the unknown and to the region of the infinite where the little life of the stream, so definite and important in its beginnings, becomes absorbed in the universal and exists no more of itself. But in the journey as I made it on this June Sunday there is a thrill and curiosity that is outside common experience, and gives one, for the moment at any rate, an illusion of escape from the universal law.

Who does not long sometimes to turn back on his own foot-prints and retrace the dusty road to the point in childhood where it was but a little golden path? My voyage up the river was like that. I came from broad and deep and dangerous waters, from wide distances and stormy regions, to where the sea grew ever smoother, and the land drew nearer on either side, and the wind grew soft and at last died altogether away among the folds of the green earth. I came back with the river from its death and dissolution in the great sea, back to its maturity, to its youth, to its childhood; entering at every turn of the course a more smiling region; to where land and water became so intimate that, in place of beacons to mark and lighthouses to warn the mariner of their meeting, little stone steps led down from lawns into deep water, and the golden bowsprit of a yacht at her moorings overhung the flowers in the garden.

Far behind me now, locked by green islands, were the spreading waters of the lough, and farther still the wide highway of the Channel; and as I glided up the narrowing river the stillness deepened. Its course is enclosed by a succession of little islands, some containing but a few acres of rough, sweet pasture, and some cultivated down to the stony margin of the beach; and at one point the tide ran between a great field of flax, apple-green in its June adolescence, and a rolling tillage of potatoes already in flower and forming the whole horizon on one hand. There was no house or sign of human habitation, and even the cattle were lying down and dreaming in the sunshine. The breeze died; and with what way she had my boat crept round the green point of the land of flax and glided towards an inviting landing-place. The tangles on the sandy bottom hardly leaned to the tide, but grew straight up to where their ends floated on the surface in little patches of gleaming brown; and stealing among them, with hardly force to thrust them aside, my boat touched the land and I stepped ashore. The fall of a rope on wooden planks, the crunch of my footsteps on the gravel, sounded loud and startling in the silence.

* * *

Before me lay a meadow starred with buttercups and broken by thickets of loaded hawthorn, and I sat down on a green bank to enjoy a pipe and take my part in the

silence. There seems, in country places in our islands, to be a more than accidental significance in this profound peace of a summer Sunday. It is as though not man alone, but all Nature, animate and inanimate, had discovered in the very principles of life this secret of a rhythmic pause, and as though the very cows and sheep, and fishes and birds, and winds and tides, took pleasure in observing a Sabbath of repose. Such at least is the innocent illusion with which one may please oneself in an hour and place like this. I confess to an aversion from a theology which separates man from other creatures in the matter of divine benevolence; and when I consider their innocent and patient lives, so free from deliberate ugliness or cruelty, so incomparably rich in almost everything that we recognise as beauty, and remember how closely with us they are embraced in the arms of life and death, then indeed I feel a desire, not to separate myself from them, but to draw nearer to them in spirit, who can give to me so much more than I can give to them. And when I look upon plants flowering and fruiting, or trees, so individual in their growth and characters, waving their lives away in the wind, I wonder how it came to be possible for so sharp a division to be made between them and other creatures in the vulgar account. No one who has ever made real friends with the world he lives in has failed to observe how solemn and yet how soothing and comforting the influence of great trees can be; and I think it is due to the very slowness of their lives, and the absolute simplicity of the means whereby they are made to seem beautiful and serene to us—the coming of spring and autumn, and the visiting of the winds. They are not all alike in their influence, nor have any but the greater trees this power of imparting peace and happiness; but the pine, the ash, the poplar, the birch, the elm, and the beech are a few of our trees that do possess it; the oak and the sycamore and the chestnut, for all their beauty, are among those whose influence is less serene. And who (to descend to a lesser family) would dream of comparing the significance of, say, a rambler rose with that of a white hawthorn? One is as glorious as the other in its brief efflorescence, and as dull and uninteresting for the rest of the year. Of course one has a perfume and the other has not; yet the perfumed one is a mere wild

common thing, and the other is treasured and cultivated. The rose will give anyone mere pleasure; it is a far more subtle emotion than pleasure which the snowy burden of the May-tree excites. Perhaps it is because of its very wildness, and because its brief glory and heart-stabbing perfume are alike lavished, not on privileged man, but on solitudes and empty spaces and the hearts of the fields.

Therefore in the privileges of the eternal Sabbath of cherished legend, which this sea byway and its silences persistently brought to my mind, I would, could I attain to them, desire these familiar companions of Time, with whom so great a part of our being is knit together, to be partakers; nor can I imagine any world as desirable in which they and their simple, unstriving lives are not. I believe the principle of joy to be universal; that the fish has joy when he feeds in the warm shallows; that the horse, adrift in the pleasant pasture, has joy in his Sabbath; and that the tree has joy in the sun and the breeze; and my paradise would be a place where all these things were abundant to them, as well as my own joys to me, so that I might partake with them of their pleasures, with just enough of interruption and trouble to keep the edge on them, and make them pleasures for evermore.

Near where I was sitting the road emerged from behind a hill, ran for a little way beside the water, and then turned inland. I had made fast the painter of my boat to a directing-post bearing three names, and pointing, in that sunny solitude, to Downpatrick, to Ardglass, and to Strangford. At this focus of travel I sat and thought of all the devious ways that had brought me back, after seventeen years, to a concourse so apparently trivial yet so rich in beauty and significance to me. It is not the places to which we go forth so much as those to which we come back that give our travels their meaning, and enable us accurately to lay off our course on the chart of life. The two roads ran together for a moment here; the road of the sea, that came from the world's end, and the little road, all overhung with May-blossom, that led to such little places—to the wind-searched fishing harbour of Ardglass, to Strangford dreaming behind its island on the edge of the rushing tide, to Downpatrick with its cathedral stranded on a hill, an ark on Ararat, from which the waters of the world

have ebbed. To one who had come so recently as I had from the arena where an insane civilisation is running amok there was something infinitely appealing and pathetic in this roadside place in Ireland; for whatever Governments may say as to the ends and objects of war, it is for the peace which this little road represents that the individual man is fighting: for leave to live quietly and simply in his own way, among the things he cares for, in the place where his heart is anchored. And hardly less horrible than the waste of brave human life are the waste and destruction wrought by war on places that were comparable in peace and beauty to this sea-haunted solitude. . . . Yet there had been war here, too; and fortresses of the O'Neills and de Courceys, crumbling and ivied now, and the home of singing birds, were dotted about the countryside in reminder of those hot-blooded encounters. And although war was then a more human thing, which did not blight thousands of square miles of country or resolve it into the primeval element of mud, yet the question of damage and healing is only one of degree and of time; and the Ancre and the Somme and Scarpe will flow on some not far distant day through meadows as oblivious of their present torture as are these Quoyle lands of the forgotten wars. To Strangford, 7 miles; to Ardglass, 15 miles; to Downpatrick, 2 miles: such was the lettered message of the signpost. And a fourth and invisible arm proclaimed: From France and the North Sea, a hundred thousand miles.

* * *

I walked a little way through the deep meadow and came upon a cottage—almost the first habitation I had seen since I turned from the lough into the river. But it was shuttered and empty; the roof was falling in; the last smoke that had risen from its hearth had long ago floated away and been restored to the vast reservoir of elemental gases to which everything we use goes back when it has served our little purpose. The wild convolvulus rioted in what had been the garden, in the orchard the grass grew knee-high; and of what had once been a homestead, alive with children's voices and footsteps, it might truly have been written that "the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it, and their voice sing in the

windows." You might think that on so rich a soil, in so fertile and sheltered a country, there would be more than enough demand for the few labourers' cottages that exist. Elsewhere, perhaps yes; but not in Ireland. Even in smiling Ulster, even in such a paradise as this, the seed of unrest that is planted in every native heart sprouts and grows and breaks its prison. The little wild orchard, the snug hearth, the kindly soil, and the visiting sea had not been enough to hold the inhabitants of this deserted place; they had gone forth to the larger world, in search of those doubtful benefits of civilisation over the results of which Death is holding a carnival all over the world.

A little farther on, where the waters brim beside a deserted stone quay, I came on the first human inhabitants I had seen—a group of three or four men in their Sunday clothes leaning on the wall and silently surveying, not without appreciation of its loveliness, the lovely picture of their familiar environment. They hardly spoke, and when they did it was in low tones, as though the spell of the still afternoon was on them; and in the long pauses of subdued conversation you could hear a salmon jump in a little bay near by, and the grey mullet splash in the warm shallows. No person came here at all now, they said; this one and that had been gone to England, or America, this long time; and things were very quiet altogether. "Sure, where in old times you'd see four vessels and five in one week, you wouldn't see that many now in a year of Sundays, so you wouldn't"; and in the contrast between that bygone commercial fever of five coasting schooners per week and the stagnation represented by less than five per year lay the tragedy of this stone quay and the lives that had gathered round it. It only meant that the railway had come to Downpatrick and superseded the sailing-vessel and the sea road. And only for a time; the sea is never obsolete, and the motor-boat may still push out the railway engine in such a place; although doubtless the generation that witnesses its advent will be a different one from that which now takes its Sunday walk to the deserted quay. Thus do the tides of our minute activities ebb and flow, making in the main, as some people believe, for steady increase and progress; but it is small consolation to those whose lives are lived during a period of ebb to be told that

when they are gone the flood will surpass its former mark of attainment. Perhaps it ought to be; but to live among crumbling and deserted things is not encouraging to optimism, and a perpetual Sabbath is not an ideal earthly existence. As I turned away from the little group at the quay wall I pondered their unconsciously significant phrase, *a year of Sundays*. I had been revelling in the Sunday stillness and peace because of its contrast, actual or imagined, with Saturday and Monday; but how should I like it if every day were the same, and that golden spell of rest hung perpetually over land and sea? What about a year of Sundays? I should dislike it less than I dislike a great many forms of strenuous existence, of which commotion for its own sake seems to be the only discernible end; but I should still find it a poor substitute for the savour and colour that lie in life's contrasts and extremes. Perhaps, after all, the best of Sunday is not that it comes every week, but that it comes only once a week.

* * *

By the roadside and hard by the stone quay, although so hidden by its hedge of hawthorn that you do not see it until you are at the very gate, is another cottage; not desolated or deserted, this one, but trim and neat and homelike, its little garden lively with colour, and almost bursting with a tender energy of flowers and bees. A widow lived in it alone until she married the master of the only coasting schooner that still trades regularly with the place. I have see them both; neither is young, nor even middle-aged, and there is nothing in their appearance to suggest that their marriage had a romantic origin. But there is more than one kind of romance. When you look at the cottage, so neat, in such exquisite order, and think of the spotless interior and shining pots and pans, and of how the mariner, once his vessel is tied up at the end of her voyage, has nothing to do but step off the quay into this little paradise of flowers and comfort, you cannot but applaud his wisdom in recognising in the owner and author of such pleasant order a suitable companion for his days ashore. And when you consider his customary environment, the weariness and discomfort of the crazy old schooner, the wild buffetings at sea, the endless beating to pick up the channel lights, would

you venture to deny that there is romance in his thoughts of home; and that as the sea falls smoother, and the familiar shores of the lough draw nearer, and the creak of spars and piping of wind in the cordage sink to the sweet talking of ripples at the forefoot, and he sees at last below his bowsprit the shining reaches of the river, with the honey and roses of the cottage round the next bend, poetry and romance make a very fair showing in his life? Plant the most romantic idyll of youthful love amid squalor and dirt, and see what comes of it; but even a moderate degree of regard and friendliness, planted in such a soil as this, has an excellent chance of growing into a very peaceful and durable affection.

As I was loth, when the lapse of water from the stones warned me that the tide had turned, to leave this pleasant spot, not knowing when I should see it again, so I am loth to stop writing about it. Not that I have anything more to say, or ever had, except to try to communicate to others who may be far away, and in hatefully different scenes, and the anchorage of whose hearts may also be in such places, something of the happiness which resides in them, and which is always there, although we go far away and forget about it. I daresay the thoughts that were born there, and that I have tried to set down, are trivial and commonplace enough; but at any rate they were as truly a part of my afternoon as the tides and the trees, the peacock-green shallows where the sunlight fell on the stones at the bottom, the sapphire dark where the breeze that took me home crinkled the widening waters, and the smell of salt and iodine, mingling with honey and roses, that came from the seaweed of the shore below the cottage garden. These things, not less than wars and revolutions, are a part of the history of the world.

A Noon-day Nocturne

By Antonio de Navarro

It has been said—and the report has gathered truth—that among the many who have elected to associate themselves with Red Cross work a number have been actuated by personal or vague motives, an appetite for new emotions, or a hunger for such importance as their ordinary stations in life could not supply.

The years of trial have winnowed the chaff from the wheat. Those who have survived the long test of usefulness and endurance have doubled their capacity for self-sacrifice, and proved themselves a blessing to suffering humanity.

Passing one day through the cloisters of Royaumont (now a hospital), I was surprised to meet a beautiful English girl well known in the cultured world for her charm and artistic attainments. Dressed in the garb of an orderly, she was washing a stone floor of the Abbey; had been doing work of all descriptions for eighteen months without flinching or complaint. With all the grace of her hands and a natural enthusiasm for higher things, she had succeeded in elevating her occupations to the dignity of refined pursuits. I had known her in former days in an environment of art and distinguished possibilities. She had changed in no respect, except to have acquired that added dignity of courage and serenity which self-sacrifice and purity of intention alone can develop.

. . . . . .

Paris, September. The great doors of the Madeleine were open wide, a noonday sun stretching a path of gold from colonnade to high altar. On the Gospel side, before a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, sat a beautiful girl in orderly uniform; delicate hands (already swollen with relentless work) folded upon her lap, head bent forward—asleep. An attitude of silent weariness, of undisturbed peace.

When I looked again the path of gold, as if in recognition of her presence, had moved, and enveloped the silent figure in all the glory of its rewarding rays.

Aureole and oriflamme.

For a moment I stood watching the rare picture—the Maid of Orleans looking down admiringly upon her unconscious prototype—then quietly stole away.

Sir Herbert Tree and the British Theatre

By Sidney Dark

SINCE the death of Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Tree has unquestionably been the dominating personality in the British theatre. In all essentials he belonged to the theatre. He was born into the world to be an actor. Sir Henry Irving might have been an ecclesiastic. Sir Charles Wyndham's temperament was always that of a successful professional man. Sir George Alexander might well have been a bank manager. Coquelin was a politician, and might have been a Minister. But Tree was just an actor. He was always acting, and he was thoroughly happy when he himself was his sole audience. He lived for the theatre, and lived almost entirely in the theatre. His interests were monopolised by his art, and he acquired the influence that always falls to the capable man with the one idea.

Irving had something of Tree's *bizarrerie*. He loved playing characters that were unusual and eccentric. Both men had this limitation: when they attempted to portray characters constructed along straightforward, conventional lines they were forced by their temperaments to make them eccentric and unconventional. Irving's Romeo and Tree's Macbeth are the proof of this assertion. Tree's ambition was limitless. He succeeded first with melodramatic villains. He went on to Shakespeare, playing Hamlet and Shylock, Falstaff and Richard II., Macbeth and Benedick. His Malvolio was at the beginning a superb rendering. Afterwards he spoiled it by the exaggeration of "business" and his fatal tendency to clown. His Falstaff was a portly and unctuous performance that also grew less satisfactory the more times he played it. His Richard II. and his Hamlet, both had their fine moments, for both characters are eccentrics, even if they are tragic eccentrics, and Tree

always had some understanding of every variety of eccentricity. His Macbeth and his Benedick are sad to recall.

The evil of the actor-management of theatres is that the part and not the play becomes the thing. Tree produced many more worthy original plays than Irving ever produced. It was inevitable, however, that he, and Irving, and every other actor-manager should, when a new production was to be prepared, first consider their own part. The next thing that Tree obviously considered was the possibility offered by the play for the elaborate scenes and the gorgeous spectacles that his soul loved. Tree was not responsible for the fact that in the British theatre what is called "production" has become of greater importance than the dramatist's imagining. He inherited a tradition and elaborated it. I do not suggest that he did not have a real love for drama as art, but he certainly understood the theatre better than he understood the art of drama. The ordinary British playgoer is affected far more by what he sees than by what he hears. A pretty face is worth twenty times as much to a musical-comedy singer as a good voice. Crowds went to His Majesty's Theatre to see *Twelfth Night* and *Henry VIII.* who would never have dreamt of going had the scenery been simple and cheap and if the manager had depended entirely on the beauty of the poet's words. Tree gave the public what the public wanted, and he also gave the public a thing that gave him immense pleasure to create. A purist may regard his productions as unnecessary, and he may resent the interruption of drama by pageants and processions. At the same time Tree generally contrived to be appropriate. He was careful about historic accuracy. He avoided crudity, and he did achieve, on many occasions, genuine and appealing beauty. Nevertheless, he left you with the conviction that the trimmings were the things about which he cared most. Stephen Phillips's *Herod* is a fine tragedy. Tree's performance of the Jewish king had power and poignancy. But I am convinced from my knowledge of the man that when he first read the play he began to see the wondrous scene with its gold steps, and that the gold steps had a great deal to do with his decision to put *Herod* on the stage.

I agree that if drama is to play its proper part in the

life of a nation, the domination of the theatre by the actor and the stage-painter must come to an end. That, however, is a counsel of perfection. The people who were loudest in their condemnation of Tree were also loudest in their applause of Granville Barker and Max Reinhardt. Granville Barker's Shakespearean productions at the Savoy were extraordinarily interesting and, in many respects, beautiful. But his theory of production and Tree's were essentially the same. The difference between them was the difference between the Royal Academy and the International. As for Max Reinhardt, he has never been anything more than a rather vulgar showman. His abolition of the dividing line between the stage and the auditorium was cheap, unnecessary, and destructive of the illusion that must be maintained in stage plays. To mix up actors and audience may be daring. It is certainly silly. I shall never forget the Max Reinhardt production of *Oedipus Rex* at Covent Garden. It was a great achievement even for a German Jew to rob Greek tragedy of every vestige of dignity. Yet such are the queer ways of the English that Reinhardt was vehemently acclaimed by the "intellectuals" who sneered at Tree.

The actor's work dies with him. Tree, none the less, leaves behind the memory of fine devotion to his calling and an appealing contempt for mere financial success. If the system of "long runs" had not existed in this country he would have been a far better actor, for he was bored by the endless repetition of the same part, and he was forced, in a sort of queer self-defence, to add something, day after day, to his performance, even if that something were entirely banal.

Herbert Tree was a genuine personality. If he was a *poseur*, it was because it was natural for him to pose. He was witty, large-hearted, and he enjoyed his life immensely. He lived in the glare of publicity and he loved public applause. Yet he hid away his innumerable good deeds as a miser hides away his gold. He joyed in advertisement, but no man ever advertised his kindness less. It is human to be inconsistent, and Tree was, above all things, a lovable human being.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

An International Magna Charta

By ·001

We are now at the fourth year of the war, yet there are still many people asking what is our objective, what is the end we are fighting for?

We say we are fighting for Justice, Democracy, and Right—in fact, for the good of the world and its future security. What do we mean by the good of the world? How do we propose to obtain this security? Do we know?

General Smuts has indicated his views as to the constructive policy to be pursued. The following quotation from the Foreword of his *War-time Speeches* shows us his line of thought:

> "The military aspects of the war so absorb our attention that we are apt to forget the still more important moral aspects, and to overlook the fact that the suffering of such multitudes is slowly but surely working a great psychological change which will lead to results far beyond any that were contemplated at the beginning of the war. However hard we are striving for victory—and victory to my mind is essential for a well-ordered, lasting peace—we should not aim merely at a military victory, but still more at such a moral victory as will become a steadfast basis for the new order of things. This could be done by making people realise the fundamental ideals which underlie our essential war aims. If we are to achieve the permanent destruction of that Military Imperialism which has drifted from the past like a monstrous iceberg into our modern life, we must create a new temperature, a new atmosphere for democracy, and strengthen the forces of freedom and national government and self-development at the same time that we work for the free co-operation of the nations in future, in pursuing the common ideals of a peaceful civilisation."

This is good thinking, but surely we ought to go a step further, and devise machinery for the application? We have already the Russian formula, which is Socialism based upon Internationalism.

This is hardly the moment to discuss the merits of Socialism. Suffice it to say here that there is legitimate ground to question that philosophy as the panacea for the ills of mankind, and Internationalism is hardly yet within the sphere of practical politics.

The only other solution is Physical Force, but unless the force we employ is the expression of Justice, and is so accepted by the world, then this cannot be the final solution.

How then are we to arrive at a definition of Justice? It will no doubt be accepted that no final definition of Justice can be obtained in present conditions, which leave so stupendous an issue in the hands of a few politicians. Politicians are opportunists. As we know, their function is compromise; and if an all-confiding world leaves the direction of its affairs to politicians, without invoking the aid of the intelligence and culture of the country, a compromise verdict and a compromise peace will be a probable result.

No plans of man, unless they bear a divine quality, will help us to hold for more than a brief spell a different road from that which Nature treads. Our spiritual force, a gift sent from the skies, lies rusting in our hearts; and yet through all the din and tempest, while hatred clouds our sight, a voice is clearly heard, to which we neither gave nor now give heed—a voice warning us to think more for others than of ourselves. This was the message that Christ came to give.

Competition between individuals is recognised as an integral part in the mechanism of human progress, but how far National rivalry, of which the ultimate expression is War, can be avoided, the future will declare. But is not the extent of the present conflagration and the substitution of National for Professional armies a terrible and sinister sign?

Nature in one bound has increased a hundredfold the human forces—her dumb slaves—now being employed in the performance of this her latest evolution. Does some instinct tell us that another great act in the drama of life may now be drawing to its close?

Religion and Patriotism, the sacred torch-bearers, the active agents in all past wars, are they now about to quit the stage? In this world tragedy can they no longer find an appropriate part? We do not know. Religion has not yet appeared in this last scene. Neither the Pope nor the Archbishop of Canterbury has been given one single line to say. In the future will the colour of our skin be the chief cause of war? Is this rivalry among peoples an instrument which Nature will continue to hold securely in her hand? Can she not be induced to relax her grasp? Can, for instance, the political activities of the Japanese beyond their island home be arrested or conducted in altered fashion in accordance with world-accepted rules yet to be defined? Dumb slaves of Nature as we all are, will they answer No?

To-day it is evident that humanity begins to resent this last most flagrant impertinence of Nature, this seeming intrusion upon the more ordered methods of progress; indeed, democracy commences to cry out that this madness has been brought about by the rulers and governors of the peoples, and that it is not the expression of the peoples' will. Democracy gropes for mastery over fate, seeking to assert itself over Nature. Unsettlement and uncertainty are gaining ground which may lead to action, swift and impetuous, insensible to discipline, and with no wise or practical objective. Does not a true instinct of the people tell them that no master mind is at work guiding their affairs? Yesterday a political system had its Mesopotamia. To-morrow the world may have its Mesopotamia. It is true that the Prime Minister has recently reminded us that he is living in a raging storm; but does *he* understand; does he read through the clouds? This is obviously no time to make organic changes in political systems or to reconstruct society. The need is of great leaders: of statesmanship: of mind.

Monsieur Ribot and General Sir William Robertson chose the same day to announce to the world their need and their anxiety.

Monsieur Ribot said:

> "Peace would be infinitely easier to conclude if instead of the Kaiser we had before us the representatives of a democracy founded on the principles of

modern law. That is what must be loudly proclaimed until it is heard even by our enemies. Victory is certain provided we do not falter at the crucial moment."

General Sir William Robertson said:

"There comes a time in every war when a nation has to put forward its greatest efforts, when the strain becomes heavier every day. Then a little further effort will suffice to turn the scale. That time has now come."

It is indeed true that the time has come now, but the time to do what? No difficulty presents itself in diagnosing the war, or in describing the position in which we stand to-day. There is no occasion for doubt. We know that the Prussian military spirit is not being appreciably undermined. Democracy has not yet gained power in Prussia. There are human elements in German mentality which are commencing to rise in rebellion. But the military spirit still dominates and directs the German mind. Against this there is evidence of influences which in their tendency prejudice the Allied spirit. The causes are:—

(I.) A general want of confidence, owing to the felt absence of a master mind and the uncertainty of the objective.

(II.) The immense strain imposed upon French manpower.

(III.) The restlessness of democracy, seeking to assert itself against a state of affairs over which it feels it has no control.

In these circumstances we would now appear to have come to a parting of the ways, where a decision is necessary.

It is clear that we have now to make up our minds either to carry on the war to its remorseless end on physical lines, or to summon to our aid the spirituality of mind, as the interpretation of Justice, which our enemies shall be invited to accept or compelled to submit to.

How shall we forge this weapon? It requires little imagination to see that if the Allies could summon conferences of the Wise Men and Elders of the peoples, that from these conferences birth could be given to an International Magna Charta representing the world's Justice.

Our greatest intellects in the humanities and science

assisted by the Law Lords and the Judges of the High Court would be asked to assemble. Similar Conferences would be convened in Paris, Washington, Tokio, Petrograd, and Rome. They would be linked by cable, and they would collaborate in the preparation of an International Magna Charta which would define the principles of self-government based upon Justice and a right consideration for the welfare of the part in its relation to the whole. And this would constitute our joint and central objective.

This International Magna Charta will be the symbol and signal to the world of the spirit of Justice, which shall overcome the Prussian spirit of Force—the Oriflamme of a new international code to which the civilised peoples of the world shall proclaim their adherence, to which humanity shall subscribe. The problems of self-government present many complex and intricate difficulties. Schleswig-Holstein, Poland, Slavdom, Ireland, Alsace-Lorraine, and Italian Nationalism, each presents its separate problem. If these conferences are not summoned to the assistance of civilisation, in what other manner is it proposed or pretended to solve the problems presented by this conflict of National and of Imperial interests? Does the death or wounding of a single German soldier bear any relation to the solution of any of these problems? Wisdom and Justice should be our servants, unless we are to be the slaves of war. Consider what must happen at the moment when the Allied Governments decide to summon these Conferences, consider how this will bear upon the mind of the enemy. The Imperial German Government will realise—and the realisation will shake the foundations of its confidence—that civilisation is determined to forge a powerful and terrible instrument of war, which in proper season it will employ in the pursuit of peace.

These conferences will reach a conclusion as to Germany's guilt not only in causing the war, but still more in the manner of its prosecution. They will determine the proper punishment for national crime.

In the matter of the punishment of national crime, an obsession fills the minds of non-combatants here which neutralises their intelligence. They can think only of killing and wounding the enemy, of exacting indemnities, and of providing for the future enslavement of peoples.

Contrast their attitude with that of the Royal Flying Corps, placing wreaths upon the graves of German dead who fell in sacrifice to a system which is, perhaps, a manifestation of Nature's cruel and relentless purpose.

Now here we may ask: How do you punish national crime? How many and whom do you kill, wound, or enslave?

Is it certain that sanctuary will not be given to the culprits, and that, after the conclusion of peace, from among these, some will not appear as visitors or as members of the staff at our great London hotels? Or do we seriously contemplate His Imperial Highness the German Emperor, the members of his family, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Prussian Army spending the rest of their days upon earth replanting the orchards of Picardy?

Again, the discussion of indemnities proceeds now in a manner which is meaningless. The object of Law is correction, not punishment for the sake of punishment. At present is it not the fashion to confine the question of the indemnity to be exacted from our enemies to the cost of repairing Belgium and Northern France? Expressed in terms of money, what does this mean? Probably something in the neighbourhood of two hundred millions sterling —the amount the Allies now spend in ten days of war. Is this worth even mentioning in any political speech?

In these Conferences the Imperial German Government will not see the working of the Pacifists' mind. On the contrary, they will see in them a judgment. They will know that the spirit of Justice, which at times is compelled to assume remorseless shape, will pronounce sentence.

Let us also abandon the childish chatter about the Hohenzollerns. Does anyone seriously imagine that this eruption is merely dynastic? It is this spirit of Force we must correct. This is the menace to civilisation.

When German boys shot arrows into the prisoners' camps simply to cause wanton pain, the Hun blood, so glorified by the Emperor, was at work. If a boy of any Allied country so acted, another boy would soon know how to deal with him. It is that other German boy that we are all now looking for. Here is no matter of Democracy or Autocracy, of Socialism or Capitalism, of Emperor or slave.

We must find that other German boy. Were he a son of the Imperial German House, we would make peace with him.

All considerations of punishment and indemnity should be left to the Conferences; they are beyond the philosophy or competence of politicians.

These Conferences will give every attention to Germany's defence? What is that defence? There can be only one line that the defence can take. Germany will say that a virile people has been deprived of its legitimate rights of expansion. They will say that they have been deprived of what has been termed "a place in the sun." The leading questions in cross-examination will be:

Has the civilised world imposed unfair restrictions upon Germany?

Does the duty devolve upon all or any of the Allies to give up a part of their territory where German colonies can be established, where white men can live and work?

Has Britain (the arch enemy, one of the principal plaintiffs) any voice in such a matter so far as it relates to the British Colonies? Are not the British Colonies self-governing?

How has the Allied world treated Germany during the last fifty years?

Is there any corner of the Allied territories where the German has not received a royal welcome?

Has England been selfish in her fiscal policy?

Are the ten million Germans now living in the United States witnesses to a policy of exclusion?

Has the German asserted any policy except one of force in dealing with native races? Is, or was, German South-West Africa an example of a colonial system?

In estimating this, the Conferences will have to take into account the proclamation, for example, of General v. Trotha, issued October 2nd, 1904, which said:

> "The Hereros must now quit the soil. If they refuse, I shall force them with the gun. Every Herero with or without a gun, with or without cattle, found in German territory I will have shot. I shall not look after the women and children, but will drive them back to their own people or shoot them."

In short, these are some of the matters upon which the Conferences will deliberate.

It need hardly be said that the co-operation and assistance of the neutral countries would be of the greatest service, and would be cordially invited.

Millennium is not outside the gates. But suspicion, hatred, and selfishness must now give place to Reason. Otherwise, will not Justice herself perish? It is indeed hard to love one's enemies, but we can even now pity the million German dead and mourn with those now suffering the loss of those they greatly loved. If Justice is to be our aim, then Pity and Hope must be our guiding stars.

Refusal or delay in convening these Conferences can only signify the bankruptcy of civilisation. Ought not the Allies now to come to an immediate decision? If their Governments remain blind and dumb, then they must not be surprised if their peoples in one tumultuous chorus proclaim and reassert the sovereignty of Reason. It is a question how long the men and women of Italy, of Russia, of Britain, and of bleeding France, so foully outraged by these poor Huns, will continue to remain in passive submission.

If Japan and America, acting in concert against a common foe, cannot resolve even their own mutual problems, if they cannot find accommodation for their differences—differences which lie exposed and naked to the world, and which no diplomacy can pretend to conceal—if these things cannot be done, then let deception be carried no further. Let us tell Berlin that the cruelty of their methods will not appear in history to be so much worse than the hypocrisy which will then be seen to underlie the Allies' attitude.

The World is Awaiting an International Magna Charta.

When these Conferences shall have come to a decision and have drawn up this new international statement, the Germans can be asked to subscribe to it. In the event of their refusal, it will be the duty of the Allies to make war on the lines of the maximum conception. Then the Japanese Flying Squadrons will leave at once for "somewhere in the air," and the Japanese Armies will begin their long journeys across Russia and America, not only under the banner of the Rising Sun, but under the Flag of the Sun that has risen.

At this moment there is much searching of the heart in Germany, and at no time has there been greater need for obtaining a clear focus upon the state of affairs in that country. There are three main points for consideration :

(I.) The crops are ripening.

(II.) The existence of profound uncertainty in the minds of the Germans not only as to the objective (this is also our difficulty), but also as to the probable results of war—an uncertainty which the German General Staff knows how to put to good use.

(III.) America at war.

We shall do well to concentrate our minds on America. To the German also this is the all-decisive factor.

And it is of supreme importance that President Wilson represents in himself not only the political power of the United States, but also, in a quite exceptional sense, their wisdom and culture. The American Army contains German blood, blood that has been purified in the freedom and democracy of the New World. We have to consider, therefore, what is exactly happening now. We see the German military spirit with its wooden idol to Hindenburg. We see it invoking now the aid of the submarine, now of the aeroplane, always the slave of cruelty and force. Here we have the blood issue of the war. And here we have to ask whether the Germans can be made to realise that the true God is a jealous God. He said :

> "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. . . ."

It is in this spirit that the International Magna Charta will be conceived. If this charter drives conviction into the soul of every German that he is fighting against justice, against civilisation; against God; that he is on the side of outlawry and the Devil; if this can happen at the moment when the German blood in Americans is ready to kill and wound its own kith and kin unless they are prepared to cast out their monstrous philosophy of force, then we may yet be witnesses of a new world phenomenon, another miracle of God—the enthronement and attestation of Right.

New Conditions—New Objectives

By Miles

It is not only on the sea that a new element has appeared in war; on land also war in modern conditions is now seen to be a national industry as important militarily as men and the strategy of man. In the days of professional armies war signified misery, poverty, privation at home. War was thus a specialised activity which concerned almost solely those engaged in its service; the rest looked on and suffered.

When war broke out most of us thought that such were the conditions which faced us. The capitalists had their usual war panic; money seemed to be "in the air," so to speak; and for a long time men fought against conscription, hoping to keep war within the old prescribed limits of our British "limited liability" theory, which was the way we fought Napoleon.

But gradually we became drawn in at full strength, and to-day what every man sees is that war is a national industry. The effects of this are twofold, economic and military. In the economic sphere we find war reversing the old conditions. Instead of suffering by war, the poor are more regularly employed and far better paid than in peace. In the place of war-misery, war to-day means money. There are no unemployed, there is no poverty; on the contrary, the whole economic conditions of Labour have assumed the dimensions of orgy doubly enhanced by women's share in the industry, so that it is a common thing to find a married woman with a couple of sons serving in the possession of a weekly wage four times as much as she ever had in peace, and so on through all strata of the community up to the profiteers, to whom war has been El Dorado. Mr. Bonar Law's revelations of his profits in shipping shares provide a curious commentary on war. The point need not be dwelt upon, it is too obvious—the profiteering is too dis-

gusting; suffice it to say that these conditions have manifested themselves in all combatant countries, and that, instead of war leading to bankruptcy, hunger, ruin, and revolution, it leads directly to an immense artificial inflation of wages and prosperity, because war implies the socialisation of industry financed by the State, while Capital, under the competitive system, is immediately given unlimited opportunities to create opportunity or wealth.

Such is the condition of war at home—orgy. One may say that practically the only people who are not better off in war than they were in peace are artists (barring those who fight)—men, that is, who create; for nearly all businesses can turn to what is called "war work," and as there is plenty of money about, and the soldiers on leave naturally require amusement, even the theatres and restaurants have had their share of the orgy—as, indeed, they depend upon it. All this is a new phenomenon in war. Thus modern war means employment, good wages, a high degree of comfort—in short, a national industry upon which the armies in the field depend absolutely.

That is the economic side, but it also has its military side, which is the one we ought to consider, and this aspect has recently been brought home to us by the air raids over London. For what do these raids really mean? They mean, in the military sense, that the military objective of war is to-day almost as much behind the lines as at the front, if as a fact the true objective of strategy is not positively the sources of supply of the Army instead of the Army itself.* The industry of war being now the right arm of the Army, the question to-day is, which is the real objective: the Army or the munitions of the Army? And this, theoretically, is even to-day an open question. If, for instance, now or to-morrow we and the Americans could demolish Essen and the great German shipyards from the air, and on succeeding days seek out and demolish all the big army industrial centres of Germany, it is clear that the war could be brought to an end in a month. Because the German Army, having only its actual stock, could not fight beyond that point of exhaustion, and the submarines could not be increased, and they would no longer have any

* Thus the lairs of submarines. Smoke out the base, and "Fritz" cannot work.

supplies. The blow would be decisive. The highest objective of strategy would have been reached. With a minimum loss of life, the Germans would find themselves out-generalled—in the air, defeated, forced automatically to surrender. The question of feasibility need not be considered. That an air campaign of this kind is possible we know; that it has not been attempted, or even conceived, is merely evidence of the want of imagination of soldiers, and bears no relation to the truth of the supposition. For obviously if fifty aeroplanes can bomb a town or position two hundred miles from their base, there is no sort of reason why 10,000 aeroplanes should not be so employed, or 100,000 aeroplanes, seeing that it is merely a matter of construction, and equally obvious is it that this new condition of activity postulates a new objective which is not primarily the Army, but the sources of the Army's supplies.

Now see whither this new objective leads? It leads homewards. It points to the cities and establishments of the civilians. In a word, it *introduces war among the peoples at home.*

We are probably only at the beginning of aerial warfare, the development of which is now likely to increase rapidly and in ever-rising intensity. The air cannot be entrenched or "barraged" or positionalised or gassed, and, given the machines, there would seem no limit to the number of air squadrons which may not in a year or so appear over the great cities, carrying with them death and destruction.

Now this is an entirely logical evolution of the fighting objective. As war has become a national industry, in which the women are no longer passive but active agents, and this industry is the chief part of war, it follows that the industry is, or should be, the main military objective, not only because it represents the quickest and surest way to obtain the object of war, but because it may legitimately be questioned whether any decision on the field is realisable in modern conditions, short of annihilation of the opposing armies, which is not the result of the destruction of enemy sources of supplies. When, therefore, we cry out here about German raids, we are not thinking as soldiers. In London munitions are made and handled by the ton. The demoralisation of the London train service alone would

justify a raid. We cannot have it both ways; moreover, what the enemy can do we can do. But if the civilians are all engaged in war-work of some kind, and some eighty per cent. certainly are, it is ludicrous to say that soldiers only are to be attacked while the millions who work for the soldiers are not to be subjected to danger because they do not wear uniforms. That is illogical and unmilitary. Every man or woman doing war work is serving his country and helping the Army; he or she is therefore a combatant in modern conditions, and, as war is not law and is not a game played according to rules, we shall have to accustom ourselves to recognise that the new element is the answer to the new conditions or industry of war, which in the essentials make us all part and parcel of the Army, and so liable to enemy attack.

Lord Montagu intimated this the other day, yet it seems to be curiously little understood. Formerly women took no part in war; to-day they are an indispensable part of its machinery. The woman who makes shells is just as much a combatant as the uniformed man who fires the shell. That is the position arising out of war as an industry. It makes us all participants. It makes war a truly national concern and responsibility.

If we had 50,000 aeroplanes and destroyed a large part of Berlin, we should be perfectly justified, because a large part of Berlin is fighting us by making shells, fuses, air-ships, bombs, machine-guns, and what not. It is not a question of reprisals. The new element merely provides the opportunity to reach the sources, that is all, as if in justification of the new conditions of war, and probably if the German General Staff had realised the significance of the new element and prepared accordingly, the war would have opened with immense attacks on all our industrial centres of production as representing the main objective of the war. Similarly with us. Smash up Essen, and we virtually hamstring the German armies. We cannot help it if the German women are killed in the process—all munition workers are to-day soldiers, or what the law might call abettors. It is a confusion of thought to talk about reprisals, for however unpleasant it may be to realise that we are constantly liable to aerial bombardment, the truth is that we are all engaged in war industry, technically all

members of the A.S.C., and thus open to air "strafe"—all except the old and the infirm and the handful of conscientious objectors.

That is the new condition of war. Everyone is a warrior. The smallest allotment-holder is fighting the Germans; the girl who drives a milk-cart is fighting the Germans; the Kadaver propagandist is fighting the Germans—war, in short, is now an industry, and there can be little doubt but that in future war the centres of production will be the first objects of attack, and quite possibly the central objective. War has, in fact, quite outdistanced international law, which never thought in two new elements; but now that experience has shown that armies can fly, we may expect to see war as fiercely waged in the air as on land, unconditioned by any zone of operations or rules about forts, which, *inter alia*, have themselves become obsolete.

There is no sort of doubt about this. All the big gun battles of trench warfare point to the conclusion that the gun is the thing to "knock out" rather than the infantry, who automatically step into the positions flattened out by gun-fire. And so we have the lesson that the supply is the enemy, that it is the supply that has to be destroyed, and that against the sources of guns and shells the principles of strategy will in future be directed.

War is thus increasing its area, and without any question will in the future be waged behind the armies as relentlessly as in front of the armies. In time this condition may drive humanity underground, but those times are not yet. The thing to grasp now is to recognise the new condition and provide for its development both offensively and defensively. It is merely unscientific to argue about reprisals, whether legally or sentimentally. If we bomb out Düsseldorf, the act is essentially one of war, because any amount of war stuff is made at Düsseldorf, and so it is with London. As war increases its area, it increases its terrors. But against that we have to set the fact that we are all working soldiers to-day, men and women, and so we must be prepared to give and take in the new element—like soldiers, for perhaps the time may come when a man may be safer in the front line trenches than is his wife two hundred miles away in the workshop.

A British Commonwealth Party

II

Good Faith

By A. Randall Wells

In the July number of The English Review, under this title, attention was drawn to the need for a new political party that would be more representative of the productive strength and general good sense of the country than any of the existing parties. Emphasis was laid upon the greater mental activity of the nation since the outbreak of war, and upon the general awakening to perception of the many stupidities under which we have suffered, and to the resulting favourable conditions for the formation of a progressive party having definite principles and a clear programme. The belief, induced by familiarity, in the inevitableness of various inconveniences has been disturbed, and it is to be hoped that neither familiarity nor the wiles of vested interests will ever again lull the nation into a resigned acceptance of man-made—and easily man-changed—conditions as laws of God or Nature.

Even in the short time that has passed since the paper was published the necessity for such a party has become more obvious, and the danger that the country would run of suffering many gloomy years of muddle and distress, unless those who are alive to the peril combine upon some such principles as were outlined, more apparent.

Lacking a new party with a well-considered policy, and determined upon steady progress within the limits of the Constitution, the present outlook suggests one of three possibilities:

1. An armed labour and ex-soldier revolution, with the intention of using force.

2. Industrial revolution by general strike, with the intention to avoid violence.

3. The continued retention of the nominal government of the country by combinations or rearrangements of existing politicians.

To the first there is the objection that—apart from the probable semi-accidental death of a number of innocent people and the possible deliberate death of a few politicians, who had chanced upon popular disfavour—the leaders of an armed revolution, in these days with our Constitution, by that very fact must either be too naïve, too simple, or too unthoughtful to be capable of governing a country well, or too light-hearted or insincere to care how it was governed. The revolutionists could only establish themselves, with any promise of permanency, if the country was behind them, and if this was so there would be no need for revolution or for force. Violence would leave progress in the air, with a poor hope of getting a firm footing; and unless the bloodshed had been more discriminating than one expects, there would be more than a chance that the machinery of the country would be as much as ever in the hands of the present-day permanent officials.

It could hardly be expected that, the mood of destruction once past, revolutionaries would be a match for these officials or sufficiently clear-headed to penetrate the labyrinthine entanglements that would be set up, apologetically and with courteous words of sympathy, to block all progress. The more agile and adroit of the politicians would have changed their colour, and skin-deep would be the reddest of the red, and with their experience and dexterity in intrigue, and their practised skill in confusing issues, they would in no great time sufficiently influence, if they did not dominate, their revolutionary colleagues, to shame them from their Utopian ideals and to smother their less ambitious attempts.

If this is underrating the ability and character of the possible revolutionaries and traducing the politicians, there still remains the solid argument that revolution is explosive, and that building up cannot be done by explosion. Ground may be cleared by explosion, with some damage and untidily, but in England the ground is clear enough to build upon. Our Constitution, nowadays, offers no obstacles to a majority party doing what they wish. Any attempt here at armed revolution must retard rather than

aid forward movement. The real battle is against ignorance and stupidity, and these cannot be combated by force of arms, but only by taking thought.

To the second, that the use of the weapon of a general strike, except for wage disputes or trade grievances, would be an act of tyranny on the part of the manual workers that would antagonise the majority of brain-workers and the men and women engaged in commercial occupations and services, that it would rapidly lead to food riots and civil war; that the manual workers, realising the falseness of their position and the blood upon their heads, would be beaten or would give way, and the country would be left again in the hands of the old professional politicians, in reactionary moods and with a considerable weight of reactionary support. There can be no progress except through reason.

To the third possibility—the retention of nominal power by the existing group of politicians—there would be all the objections that apply at present, with the innumerable fresh ones that will spring from the after-war conditions. In their endeavour to stave off general strikes, to anticipate and prevent revolutions, to protect vested interests, to appease those reformers who believe in compulsion, to satisfy the upholders of individual freedom, to save their posts and their salaries, their antics in changing front sufficiently quickly to meet the latest threat, with the accompanying endeavour, instinct in our politicians, to save their faces, would be an astounding performance even to a public somewhat accustomed to the contortions of backboneless Ministers. They might hold on for a long time; it is difficult to break that which gives equally in every direction. The end would probably come through impolitic dallying with the compulsory reforming party—those who would force a State doctor upon you, compel you to dust your house, decree that you should marry or be single, direct that you should have or should not have children, and so on—and following their end, if the country had not founded, even by then, a clear-headed and common sense party, there would be industrial strikes, and probably revolution, with the resulting reactions, involving every kind of waste of energy, and the retardation of National advance.

It is natural to expect that the anti-progressives, with an eye to the future, would be examining their weapons and looking for any additions that could be made, not too obtrusively, to their armoury. The public would do well to bear this in mind in considering new Bills and suggestions for fresh legislature. The proposal to restore, to some extent, the braking power of the Lords comes into this category. The converts to women's enfranchisement no doubt foresaw in women voters over thirty a rich field in which the cautious might gather votes. If the desire to limit the numbers of women voters had been a *bonâ-fide* wish that they should not exceed the number of men, it would have been fairer and more logical, having regard for the way in which the vote will have been won, to have placed the line at the other end and to have given the vote to all women of legal age under fifty or thereabouts.

There can be no progress until we are governed upon principles which will encourage the growth of our faculties, foster the individual possibilities of each of us, and which will recognise the divine within us all, and that it can be developed and reached only through the senses, and can be enfeebled and imprisoned through the same means. "If the potencies of our nature are not worth realising, we had better give up the business of living." *

The new party should be organised in time to contest every constituency at the first General Election after the war—if it could be ready before, so much the better—and it should be prepared to take charge of the country without vagueness and fumbling, and to act instantly upon a published programme. The new party being united simply by adhesion to the same principles, the party's programme would be the candidate's election address, and there would be no fear of the party's intentions not being known and understood.

As so much of our future well-being, and of that of the world in general, depends upon the conditions on which peace is made, and so much of our progress, happiness, and prosperity depends upon the use which is made of the great opportunity that demobilisation will offer of a foundation upon which to build, one of the earliest acts of the new party organisation should be to make known, and to repeat

* From "What is and What Might be." By Edmund Holmes.

continually, certain terms that it believes should be an essential part of any peace agreement. Not only should these particular terms be stated, but the results that were expected to accrue should be given, and the whole case for their inclusion clearly and logically argued; in the same way the greatest publicity possible should be given to principles and details upon which demobilisation should be carried out, so that when the new party reached power it would not be hampered, in what work of amendment it had to do, by the accusation that it had kept silent or offered no help at the time of need.

But even with a government representative of such a party as has been sketched, our lives and surroundings can, as has been said, undergo no substantial improvement until we have become an educated and individually developed people. This generation would share the beginnings of the advance, would be relieved from the oppression of stupidity, enjoy directly or sympathetically freedom from fear of unemployment, and could delight in a growing awareness of what life offers; but it would be the next generation and its children whom we should hope would see some reasonable correspondence between the potentialities of life on this planet and its practice. For this reason it was suggested that of the principles which should bind a new party together, the most important would be that which insisted upon the provision of the best education that could be devised for the children. If this could be done, and public education reformed as an independent and separate piece of work, lack of success in other progressive efforts would be, comparatively, of little moment. But further thought will show that this is not possible. Education is inextricably bound up with the whole business of life, and a government that makes its first duty to look after the children will find that to do so it will have, simultaneously, to set to work amending the whole machinery of government.

There could be but little hope of cultivating the desire for truth, justice, courage, gentleness, order, beauty, efficiency, and knowledge in the State schools unless the Government proved their belief in the desirability of these qualities by practising them, and doing their utmost to see that they were practised by every official and every

member of all the services and departments under their control. To accomplish such a revolution would be difficult, and only possible by insisting upon numerous retirements—money paid in pensions would be well spent—and by completely changing the method of recruiting the State services. The competitive examination must disappear, not only for Army, Navy, or Civil Service appointments, but for all scholarships. Some better method of selection must be devised. It would not be possible for a reasonable Government to continue a system that renders all efforts of education abortive by insisting upon tests that ruin the initiative, destroy the potential power to clear thinking, and arrest the natural development of the bulk of the candidates.

It is difficult, perhaps, to realise the far-reaching effects that sincere endeavour to provide the best education would have. The vast Government indifference to God and religion would go; and following upon the unavoidable adoption of the adage, "Example is better than precept," there would be curious changes. A stranger in the House of Commons, for instance, would no longer find the infuriating discourtesy practised which allows not only the most contemptuous indifference to another member's speech, but such movements, whisperings, laughing, and prolonged conversations as to render hearing impossible for anyone else. Private members might still loll, but Ministers could hardly put their feet upon the table, nor, with good faith to the children, answer questions with the intention of concealing the truth. As has been suggested, the whole question of government is bound up with that of education; but with the exception of the relationship of the State to the Church—a question that overlaps all others—it is only proposed to indicate here the immediate steps that it is believed a new President of the Board of Education, under a Commonweal Party, should take upon accepting office. The details of actions that should be taken simultaneously to carry into practice the remaining nine suggested principles of the new party will be described upon another occasion.

First Steps.

1. The appointment of a Commission to examine witnesses and such documents as may be submitted in good faith, and to report upon the value, or the reverse, of Christianity as instanced by the Christian Churches of this country and their tenets (*a*) to the modern Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Wales, and (*b*) to such parts of the British Empire as are not autonomous, and to embody what recommendations they have to make with regard to (*a*) into Bill form. Such Bill to be brought before the House, with its permission, within a week of its delivery, and a copy of the report and recommendations with regard to (*b*) to be sent to the Ministries affected for their immediate action.

Note.—That a new Government should make use of the much-abused device of a Royal Commission would probably be a disappointment to its friends, but it is believed that where the appointment is made with the genuine desire to elicit truth it is the best instrument the Constitution offers. The matter being, imaginatively, *sub judice*, one feels some delicacy at surmising its conclusion, but if the finding of the Commission were against the Churches, and it was endorsed by Parliament, this would lead to the disestablishment of the Church, to the withdrawal of grants from church schools or their purchase, and to the disappearance of the Scripture lesson from all State schools. The elder children would be taught, not Bible history, but the history of the two Testaments, to afford them some protection from those who make use of the Bible as an instrument to inspire fear. It is hoped that every school, in time to come, would be instinct with the fundamental truths that there is goodness—God or divinity—in all of us; that humanity is only happy or satisfied when this is developing; that babies are born with God within them; that it was a terrible invention of unhappy men, in whom goodness was undeveloped, that children were born in sin.

The outlines of evolution would be told, and the simple truth that no one knew yet where or how life first began. In answer to questions as to what happened after death: that there was no certain knowledge, but that there was a

great hope that the good in us will have a further opportunity of developing; and if pressed, that the Government did not believe in any case there could be unhappiness after death. The derisive laughter that rises to our lips at the suggestion that a Government's serious opinion upon a matter of general interest could carry weight even with a child is a curious reminder of something we have all forgotten: that it might be possible to have a Government that had earned the respect and affection of the country.

2. The selection and dispatch of a philologist and a *littérateur* to represent the Empire upon the international committee formed in accordance with the peace terms—if the new party should have succeeded in the endeavour to have this clause inserted—to decide upon an international language, and to found an international university where the chosen language could be studied, and where the finest books of every country would be translated into it, and which would constitute the fountain-head and permanent authority upon the language.

Note.—There are a good many arguments in favour of a reformed English for this purpose; it would start with the advantage of being already widely spoken and would offer a rich literature, but we could hardly expect that this would be the Committee's choice.

The clause referred to, which it is hoped would be included in the peace terms, would not only be an agreement to the appointment of an International Committee, but would be an undertaking upon the part of all the countries concerned to accept its decision, to share in the cost, and to recognise the paramount authority of the new university, and to have the chosen language taught in all their State schools, colleges, and universities. There would be the further agreement that if the language was a new one, the issue of all books referring to the language—books of instruction, grammars, dictionaries—should be absolutely limited to the university, or in the case of reprints to its licensees; and that no book or magazine, newspaper or publication of any sort should be published in the new language the proofs of which had not been corrected by the holder of a certificate issued by the university and which did not bear the imprint of the corrector's name.

It would be the Committee's duty to decide upon a standard pronunciation and accent. This would be done by taking innumerable gramophone records of the speech of those adept in the language, and reducing these by a process of minute comparison and rejection to one. From this *one person*, who would be employed permanently, gramophone records would be made and supplied to the whole world as a standard.

3. The standardisation of English speech and the reform of English spelling for use among the nations of the British Commonwealth.

Note.—With regard to speech, this would be done in the same way as was indicated for the standardisation of an international language, by the making of endless gramophone records and the final selection of one person as a being of model speech, from whom records would be made and supplied to all State educational institutions. Experts from the autonomous States would assist in this work, and America would be invited to send representatives, in the hope that she would also adopt the standard.

Among reasons for attempting to standardise English speech, the weighiest would be the desire to remove a great barrier and cause of misunderstanding between classes.

One can foresee the opposition that would arise to the teaching of standard English to children in districts where there is a strong dialect, but the opposition would come chiefly from a group of intellectuals—who would not for a moment allow their own children to be brought up to speak the dialect of the district in which they were born—who will speak of loss of character, the monotony of uniformity, and so on. They are survivalists; human beings cannot be retained as museum pieces for the pleasure of the few.

The actual reforms in spelling should be decided upon by agreement between experts of all the English-speaking countries, but other countries where English is much used should be invited to be present, and regard should be had for their opinion in reaching decisions.

Neither our sentiment nor our eyes would welcome this reform, but it has to be faced; it is far too wasteful of human life, effort, and energy to be allowed to continue. Endeavour to estimate the waste, day after day, year after

year, that is involved in teaching the unnecessary difficulties of English, remembering that it is time taken from the most precious years of children's lives. Most of us will hate to see our daily paper bristling with apparent errors, or to happen upon a favourite author, Shakespeare, Shelley, Blake, Meredith, in an unaccustomed and hideously uncouth dress, but to refuse reform would be to let the literature we treasure hamper instead of help us. If—and this is admitted as weakness—the hard C could be retained, the reformed appearance would be much less shocking.

4. The abolition of all the present test, scholarship, and competitive examinations from all State education and from all State services.

Note.—The failure of education, to which our attention has been called so constantly of late, is attributable almost entirely to the paralysis of mental development induced by preparation for these examinations.

It is suggested that, for the time being, recommendation by heads should take the place of the present non-competitive scholarship tests, selection—when places are limited—after a period of ordinary attendance, the place of the competitive examination. That candidates for the Army and Civil Service should be given prolonged trial at the type of work they would be required to do, and the most suitable ones picked for the vacancies.

5. The removal from local authorities of all financial responsibility, with the consequent direct Government employment and pay of all *personnel*, Government control of buildings, and Government supply of stores.

Note.—The work of the local committees—and these should be limited in size—would consist in visiting and reporting upon the general happiness or unhappiness of the schools in their district, and in feeding such elementary school children as for the time being needed it. The grant system is intricate and causes unnecessary work, and the part payment out of rates results in unequal burden upon ratepayers.

6. The withdrawal of all existing curricula, and in

their place the issue of a guide that would start by restating the truism that the aim of education is the fullest development of the possibilities in each child, and that this can only be accomplished by inducing self-education in an atmosphere sympathetic to the qualities that it is desired should thrive; this would be followed by notes that would illustrate and make clear the intention of the theory, would guard against any possible failure of apprehension upon the part of the school heads, and would provide them with suggestions for practice; but it would not be accompanied by rules, and, within the limits of a required loyalty to the theory, headmistresses and headmasters would have complete freedom to devise their own methods and details for its application.

Note.—The following is a slight indication of the suggestions that would be contained in the notes. As the Government encouraged initiative amongst the heads, so should these initiative in their staff, and the staff in the children. A reiteration of the necessity for continual sincere example for a striving *to possess* the qualities that it is desired to foster, not merely to be able, with perhaps a tongue in the cheek, to give during school hours imitations of them. That truth should be an all-enveloping atmosphere; that apart from all else it is only truth that encourages—in the quite young makes possible—thinking. Every truth is related to every other truth; there are logical connections; they do not contradict one another. A child can struggle with them, and occasionally hear them click into place as they fit together. With false history, false facts as to Nature, false religion, a child's mind can do nothing; they don't fit; they deny each other. The tiny, delicate shoots of thought that the young put out wither before such obstacles.

History should be generalised, and the methods of historians and of geologists and archæologists--who provide news of periods before there were human records—should be explained. So-called patriotic history, which ignorantly or deliberately distorts our past, should be discarded; an especial effort should be made to bring home to children the relation of this period to the past and the hope for the future. That it is a time of transition, that the dreadful conditions, the many hideousnesses and

stupidities, are only part of this changing state, and that they will disappear, that they are largely due to various discoveries and inventions which have thrown enormous mechanical power into men's hands, and which, as they had not yet learned to control it, has run amuck.

The different kinds of work should be continually spoken of, with reference to the value of work which leads to the production of beautiful and useful things, and the waste of that which does not. That questions should be encouraged, especially written questions. Great emphasis should be laid upon gentleness. The new Minister would probably have to ask for more resignations from teachers for lack of this quality than from any other cause. They are not altogether to blame; they start by using fear to obtain mechanical results—absolutely valueless, but which please the authorities—and the habit grows. There is an infants' school I have in my mind as an example of what should not be allowed to exist. It has some reputation as a model school, the children are particularly clean, and the results in arithmetic above the average, but the head-mistress's pride in these results has become a passion; canings are frequent, undignified, and rough; the younger children, the "four-year-olds," protected by Government from the cane, are punished by being struck heavy and repeated blows upon the backs of their hands placed upon their small chests. If this school is not a rare exception, how can one wonder at the lack of gentleness we meet in the streets?

That compulsion should only be used negatively to prevent children being a nuisance to their neighbours. That the standard in everything should be high; neither in work, in play, nor in sport should the second best satisfy. That manual work should only aim at producing what, however simple, is useful and beautiful. That useless samples, a piece of hemming, a dovetail in wood, an inane scroll in metal, and so on, and what one may call "bazaar industries," should be things of the past. "That no profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en."

7. The improvement of *personnel*, involving payment of substantial salaries in place of trifling ones; the abolition of especial training colleges and the distribution of the

students among the universities; the lengthening of the period of training from two to four years, and the substitution of a self-developing system in place of that resulting from the present curriculum; the immediate employment of persons of general education at substantial salaries, to make good the shortage that would be caused by the resignations of unsuitable members of the existing *personnel*, by the lengthening of the period of training, and by the increase in staff required in elementary schools resulting from the reduction of classes to the sizes of those in secondary schools—*i.e.*, approximately halving them.

Note.—It is estimated that the cost of the increase and improvement in type of *personnel* would, when the new scheme was in working order, in some five or six years' time, amount to 150 million pounds a year in addition to the present cost. From the ex-officers of the new Army it would be hoped to draw a number of the new masters required. In the new training emphasis would be put upon physical culture, health, and games; wider general reading would be encouraged; the failure to acquire standard English would be a disqualification to appointment; great stress would be laid on the value of thinking and of original work. In general, the new training would be a logical development of the theory of education held by the new party.

8. The inspectorate would be reorganised, and the inspectors instructed to report for the time being chiefly upon the state of the schools in relation to health, happiness, games, and mental activity.

9. The amendment of the rules with regard to buildings, including the abolition of structural distinctions between elementary and secondary school buildings, and the appointment of a number of architects of established taste who have *not* hitherto been connected with schools, but who have worked habitually for cultivated people—such men as Lutyens, Newton, Gimson, Baker, Blow—with instructions to alter, as far as possible, the internal appearance of all existing schools in conformity with the canons of good taste—this to apply to all furnitures and fittings as well as to walls and woodwork; to modify the

exterior as far as can be done without rebuilding; to make gardens where there is room or land purchasable; to improve the playgrounds by modifying or changing railings and fences, and adding any beauty or dignity that can be devised; and where schools are set in hideous and sordid surroundings, to build walls sufficiently high to block them out; and to condemn for future destruction such buildings as it is not possible to convert into reasonably sympathetic backgrounds for enlightened education.

To enable the size of the elementary classes to be reduced without delay, the chosen architects should be also instructed to adapt as temporary schools such of the new war buildings as are suitable, and, further, to prepare as quickly as possible for the building of what new schools the country needs.

Note.—New schools in towns should be built as much as possible overlooking parks or open spaces. Every school, whether town or country, in addition to its playgrounds, should have a garden—a real garden, not a circular bed in the middle of a shabby lawn—beautifully kept. The instructions to the architects should be that the buildings were to be sincere in material and construction, and should aim at the dignity that comes from fitness for a purpose and the absence of pretentiousness and sham; should be as free as possible from *conscious* individuality, and as beautiful as enthusiastic homage to intrinsic merit in form and colour could make them. The furniture and decorations would be in sympathy with the architecture. It is extraordinary to think that there was never any need for schools to have ridiculously offensive desks, hot brown or yellow woodwork, contemptible prints upon the walls, rooms of bad proportion, and so on. The cost was not less than for the same things done with reason. The lines of the cast-iron standards of desks might just as well be good as bad. What is behind one's irritated offence at most of the bad architecture and decoration is the entire lack in it of any evidence of thought or of mind applied to the particular problem.

10. The appointment of sufficient number of nurses to allow for each child to come into personal contact with a nurse once a week, and an arrangement for the

nurses to be in constant touch with the attendance officers.

Note.—It is expected that under a Commonweal Party Government the theory of equal pay for equal work would be adopted, with a consequent State allowance for children. The last step would be taken especially in relation to this.

To conclude, it can only be repeated, perhaps tiresomely, that no Government could hope to make any headway in educating those for whom it is responsible unless it not only intended to act with good faith, but was prepared, individually and collectively, to prove that good faith by its personal actions. And that for this we could only look to a new party. The old ones would be too blinded by habit to realise that this would involve any change!

Mesopotamias

By Austin Harrison

WHAT we call Democracy had a rude shock over Mesopotamia, for the Report was truly ghastly, and after reading it men looked at one another almost in despair at the possibility of such a scandal in modern conditions under what is supposed to be the all-seeing eye of the British Press. But, in reality, there is nothing singular in the Mesopotamian disaster. To all who have made a comparative study of English administration, disasters of the Mesopotamian kind can cause no surprise. It occurred because in the conditions of administration then obtaining—Indian secrecy, Government irresponsibility, and Army centralisation—disaster was bound to occur, precisely as in the case of the Dardanelles, and for precisely the same reasons. I will not add my voice to the chorus. Ever since the war begun I have written month after month that a political system based upon popularity, hero-worship, and oratorical facility must lead to inefficiency, and, when coupled with irresponsibility, to disaster in time of war. Responsibility has been the heart-cry of this REVIEW since 1914. Again and again the word responsibility has been held up as the supreme lesson and need of the hour. I will only say this about Mesopotamia: that those who imagine we have "touched bottom" must be remarkably ingenuous. Mesopotamias could be reported on in many directions; finance, for instance; the policy which refused to hold the Danube, and so lost Serbia; still more the shameful policy, partly exposed by the letter of Lord Hardinge, which drove Roumania into war last autumn, so bringing about the ruin of that country; our weak, vacillating, un-English Greek policy, for which history will certainly condemn us. These are some; the Hotel waste and so-called National Service are others. Some day there will be a Profiteering Mesopotamia, a Food Control Mesopotamia, and quite likely a

Sinn Fein, a Socialist, a Salonika, and a Russian Mesopotamia, and so on. These things are, must be, and will be so long as we continue to run war on a system of irresponsibility fortified by a servile Parliament and a censored commercial Press.

Mesopotamia really is only interesting to-day as an object-lesson, and here even Ministers will be wise to take thought a little, for dysentery is an unpleasant epitaph, and the shame of it will not lightly be forgotten. Well, what have we done? How has Democracy met the case? It is worth considering, because the people are considering it, and behind them organised Labour is considering it, and behind Labour there is the new force, Socialism, which has yet to pronounce sentence. Now what do we find?

Cynical and indolent indifference. Mr. Balfour "gets in a bait" even when questioned, repudiates responsibility, refuses to accept Lord Hardinge's proffered resignation, talks grandiloquently about wars in "savage lands," and considers it most improper to make a fuss over a Report—which attitude so exasperates his cousin, Lord Hugh Cecil, that he denounces Mr. Balfour for "indolent" cynicism; but the following day Mr. Balfour receives the freedom of London. Mr. Asquith, who originally spoke of the Expedition as the "most brilliant in the war"—thereby showing that he knew nothing of the facts and spoke, as Prime Minister, "through his hat"—also repudiates the Report, belittles its findings, sets up an atmosphere of sentiment, and asks for a farthing damages. Mr. Chamberlain, the least responsible of the Ministers, plays the man and resigns. Mr. Bonar Law tries the soporific spray and says as little as he can. Mr. Henderson is in Russia, where he is no doubt learning a little Russian and perhaps a little Socialism. Lord Curzon, bold enough to talk Kadaver-propaganda, says nothing. The remaining Minister responsible is Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Lloyd George was a War Minister all through Mr. Asquith's Government; he was responsible for the Dardanelles, for Roumania, for Serbia, for Greece, for Ant-

werp, for everything, including Mesopotamia—he also refuses all responsibility. On the contrary, he tried to evade the issue by setting up another Tribunal to keep the people quiet, but this outrageous artifice was too much even for the Commons, and—that is all. Net result: the loss of Mr. Chamberlain.

A few days after Mr. George "strengthens" the Cabinet. Back comes Mr. Churchill, like the "Darling of of the Gods"; evidently Mr. George cannot do long without his fiery friend, whom the *Daily Mail* declared could never return. Sir Edward Carson moves up into the War Cabinet, and Mr. Addison becomes Minister of Reconstruction, whatever that means. A good appointment is made in Sir Eric Geddes, who goes to the Admiralty.

Now observe the attitude of the Prime Minister towards responsibility. Mr. Chamberlain quits, like a gentleman, thereby re-establishing the principle of Ministerial responsibility as precedent, and in his place there steps in Mr. Churchill, who only a year ago had to leave the Government on account of the Dardanelles. Mr. Asquith's musical-chairs tactics never beat this. It implies that Mr. Lloyd George refuses to accept responsibility for himself or for his friends. No matter what blunders or crimes he or they may commit, they cannot be made responsible—Ministers they are, Ministers they remain, no matter how many soldiers die in the process, no matter how many soldiers are penalised as the result.

This is not criticism. I state a fact when I say that Mr. George has now publicly proclaimed the *doctrine of irresponsibility* as his root policy. His attitude is one of defiance. He virtually says to Demos: "Go to blazes! I am the authority. I am not responsible. My friends are not responsible. You cannot make me responsible."

And men and women read the Mesopotamian Report with tears in their eyes, read of the "boys" lying in barges in pools of dysentery in this most "brilliant" Expedition

which Mr. Balfour regards as merely the luck of war in savage lands, and almost appears to be proud of. And Englishmen wonder that Sinn Fein has grown in Ireland until Republicanism is to-day becoming the hot gospel of Ireland! And men wonder at Leeds and what the British workman is after thinking about playing with Russian Socialism! There is no cause to wonder, unless it be at the servility of Democracy with that blind attachment to its favourites which paralyses action. There is no need to ask what Leeds means, what the Soldiers and Workers' Councils here mean? They mean life, the emancipation of democratic conscience, the new spirit of the people stung to the realities of things.

Thus we find Mr. George deliberately insisting upon irresponsibility, which means inefficiency. Mr. George is logical in this, because he knows that if he accepted the principle of responsibility he would have to go. He knows that, given responsibility, he could not prophesy knock-outs and still remain Prime Minister. He knows that once Ministers recognised that failure spelt resignation, he would not himself have time to clear out of office, and so he repudiates responsibility on the plea that he is indispensable, which was the excuse set up on behalf of Mr. Asquith.

Notable is the rejection of the Commissioners' Report on the part of Ministers. Commissions have for years been the device of Ministers to get awkward matters shelved, and during the war the number of Commissions appointed reaches, it is said, five hundred, all doing no man knows what or with what purpose. Of course, the Government felt annoyed that this particular Commission had not whitewashed the responsible parties, but for the Government to denounce the Report of its own Commission is to carry the game of politics into the realm of comic opera, and deceives no one. If the Mesopotamia Commission is bad, then probably all Commissions are rotten, and the sooner the whole dreary lot of them are stopped the better; but Mr. George cannot have it both ways. He cannot appoint Commissions and then denounce them. Either he accepts the

finding of these laborious bodies or he abolishes them. His present attitude is illogical and arbitrary.

Let it not be thought I am asking for heads; that is not the point. The culpability of Ministers lies in interference; thus the Antwerp relief was an interference by the Admiralty of the War Office; and similarly the action of the Admiralty in undertaking the Gallipoli affair was an assumption of the direction previously laid down by the Staffs as an operation requiring the action of both Services. And so with Mesopotamia, which bears all the characteristics of a political expedition run through India to evade the control of the War Office. In the case of the Dardanelles we know that Lord Kitchener had to be cajoled into it; Lord Kitchener, too, had stated that the Indian Army could not be used on a big overseas expedition without reorganisation: which it never had. Now this is the real question—the question of responsibility.

Before Mr. Asquith fell *The Times* fought consistently for responsibility, but since Mr. George came into office *The Times* has forgotten all about responsibility, and no other newspaper seems to have the gumption to insist upon it. Such is our Democratic system, which we say we are fighting to impose upon Germany. Under it there can be no reconstruction, no reforms; nor can we claim to be serious until we at least exact seriousness from those in authority—whether to spend £8,000,000 of our money a day or embark on some wild expedition or prolong the war indefinitely. That is the position. Mesopotamia is only the logical result of an utterly inefficient and irresponsible system which still obtains. We, the people, should entertain no illusions as to what this means and may imply. Briefly stated, it amounts to the negation of Democratic Government. It means we have a bureaucratic autocracy which cannot be made responsible individually or collectively to either Parliament or people.

After Three Years of War

By the Editor

As we enter the fourth year of war Europeans must indeed wonder whether civilisation is sane or insane, and whither it is drifting. On purely military grounds the general situation remains much as it was after the battle of the Marne in varying degrees of positional warfare on the main strategic fronts, and, but for the destruction of several little peoples who have been dragged into the struggle, almost as stationary. It was thought that the secret of positional or trench war had been found in an overwhelming big gun superiority, but already we know that the big gun is not the decisive factor, because the big gun itself is positional, whereas the essence of strategy is mobility. Against a static front no doubt a static artillery could compel a breach—this was, in fact, the military lesson of the Somme—but the moment the front becomes mobile, as is now the case with the enemy's defence, the stationary gun no longer controls the conditions, thus leading back once more to the great superiority of the defence and to the old lesson of man power as the all-decisive force. This is the lesson of 1917; it may not be materially altered this year. The great spring offensive, which we were led to believe * would secure a decision, ended in purely tactical advantages—and necessarily so because the mobile defence was tactical—recovery of ground, seizure of heights; but the whole operations were from the outset conditioned by the German strategic and unobserved retirement at the beginning of the year and the new offensive-defensive, which consists in a mobile front line very thinly defended supported by counter-attacks, the idea being no longer the defence of ground, which is sacrificed, but the unity of the strategic whole and the elasticity of the counter-initiative.

Thus, militarily, the war of attrition goes on, counterbalanced by the German submarine warfare, which is their

* Vide Mr. George's knock-out prediction and General Haig's interview.

answer to the Blockade. It is clear that no decision is likely to be reached this year. The Eastern front is governed by the internal situation in Russia; the Western side permits only of some seven or eight weeks before the September rains begin; from Salonika no big offensive is to be expected. We have to face thus another winter in anticipation of the American aid next spring, which, however, is unlikely to exceed more than 700,000 bayonets, even supposing the million men are ready to take the field by that time and the then existing tonnage can supply so large an army three thousand miles across the Atlantic. That is the position. The American aid will greatly depend upon the progress of submarine warfare, in which the Germans claim an average per month since February of 900,000 tons of shipping sunk, in June alone the total exceeding 1,000,000 tons.

Turning to the spiritual side of the war, we find remarkable progress and developments, the outstanding features in 1917 being the Russian Revolution or emancipation of Russia from the bondage of Tsarist theocratic absolutism; secondly, the entry of America into the war.

The freedom of Russia is the greatest result so far in Armageddon; indeed, it is an event which cannot fail to reverberate across Europe, freeing the consciences of peoples and decreeing the knell of Feudalism. It has reknit International Socialism and, incidentally. affirmed the creative principles for which we are all dimly fighting, giving to our cause a truth which it significantly lacked and a purpose which before the Revolution seemed illusionary.

In alliance with Tsarist Russia we had no creative spirituality, but under a Socialist, free Russia our cause has become a cosmic responsibility dependent only for its realisation on our own truth and sincerity. For the first time in history men, even at this hour of blindness and hatred, are enabled to discuss the idea of Internationalism, of a League of Nations, of a European brotherhood based not upon the statesmanship of force, but upon the foundations of reason. That is an immense advance which a year ago seemed as far off as ever. Yet to-day we talk about these things. We are beginning to see through the mist. We are acquiring a European sense of fitness and reciprocity, even as the war extends upwards into the air

and more frightfulness and even fiercer battles seem to lie ahead.

If the solitary German aeroplane which flew a month or so ago over London was the *real* event of 1917, on the other hand we have a man like Lord Hugh Cecil telling us that, as Christians, we ought to "love" the enemy. It was like a call from a minaret. I believe myself that Lord Hugh's cry laid a white stone in the history of ethics, and that from that utterance a new statement of religion will derive which may yet give us some measure of Christianity as opposed to the dead mechanism of the Churches. Here, too, we may descry the repercussion of Russia, who has proclaimed the formula of abnegation—no annexations and no indemnities. Take these three things together—the solitary aeroplane, omen of perhaps new and undreamt-of dimensions of war, Lord Hugh Cecil's Christianity, and the Russian Socialists' formula—and we have messages of hope and endeavour which must be the beginnings of new State philosophies and of a new social order.

Already it has cut into the logical mind of the German, and he, too, has had his sympathetic crisis, ending in the fall of the Chancellor. The German Chancellor fell probably because of the failure of his attempt to conclude a separate peace with Russia; all the same, a new spirit has unquestionably declared itself in Germany with the object of forcing the Government to announce its adherence to a peace of no annexations, also demanding the immediate introduction of Prussian electoral reform. It is right that we should understand this new German movement. There are people here who regard it as the beginning of a German Revolution; it is nothing of the sort. The movement, led by Erzberger and supported by the Centre or Catholic Party, the Socialists, and not a few of the National Liberals, is perfectly clear. What they ask are three things: (1) That the Reichstag should lay down the general principles of peace as the expression of the *entire German people*, proclaiming them to the world in the name of the German peoples, at the same time announcing the determination of all the Germans to fight to the last "drop of blood" for their defensive freedom and rights; (2) that the Government should also accept and announce these peace principles, and that the Government should take the

form of a Constitutional Coalition; (3) that the Prussian electoral system be immediately reformed, likewise the constitution of the Prussian Ministry.

This is the Erzberger programme, which may in great part be fulfilled. What concerns us is this new attitude on the part of Germans towards war and the right of controlling peace conditions. For this unquestionably derives from Russia. It implies the German return to sanity, the growing revolt against the doctrines of Pan-Germanism with its insensate philosophy of force, and the coming of a new sense not only of responsibility, but of civilisation. I fear there is a tendency here to regard this German movement as the sign of crumbling *moral*, of Socialist subversion, of readiness on the part of Germans to cry for mercy. We shall make another fearful mistake if we so regard it. The Erzberger programme clearly states that on the question of Alsace-Lorraine, for example, the Germans will fight to the death. I am sure, from my knowledge of the Germans, that they will. When Liberals here fancy that Erzberger and his friends are ready for peace at any price, they are making a profound mistake. The Erzberger plan is to take the diplomatic initiative and accept the Russia formula and force the German Government to proclaim its acceptance. It is a great step forward. We may say that it is the beginning of the beginning of European reconciliation; but reconciliation will not be furthered by misunderstanding the German attitude, which, at least so far as Alsace-Lorraine is concerned, remains a military question that the Germans will fight for to the last.

All the same, there is much reason to rejoice. If Erzberger succeeds in asserting the Reichstag's responsibility for peace conditions, and those conditions are identical with the Russian formula, it is obvious that the next step will devolve upon us, in which connection we are told that a Conference of the Allies is to meet some time in August, to be convened by Russia, to reconsider the peace conditions.

At the end of the third year of war, then, we find a military position which is stationary, which at the best cannot lead to decisions until next summer, and probably will not then lead to an absolute decision in the conditions which must be reckoned with of a more or less defaulting

Russia; yet at the same time we have the elements of hope and wisdom in a way that three years ago seemed unthinkable, and even last year looked like the dream of Utopianism.

On the whole, despite the loss and sacrifice, the despair and sorrow, war, as it proves its own futility (militarily viewed), is heralding the dawn of a new conception and statement of life founded on common principles. The war has long ceased to be a question of nation *versus* nation; it has ceased to be the struggle between groups of Powers—it has grown in its epic tragedy into the affirmation of civilisation at war to perpetuate and ensure its own identity of truth and application. It is a wonderful thing. All over Europe Democracy is rising in masterful understanding of its conscience, learning to think internationally. All over Europe the last remnants of Feudalism are falling to the ground. A new Europe is awaiting us—a place that will be made by fine strong men who have fought and won to this freedom. Yet such a condition cannot be unless all Europe wins in equal proportions, and here we have the hope and meaning of the war.

To-day, as we face the fourth year of this struggle, those men are blind who do not realise the responsibility now before humanity and the light that alone can lead us, truer, nobler, and better men, out of this Feudal darkness. We may call it our common objective, I think, for that our aim now is a common aim, and by that I imply a European one, can hardly be disputed; certainly is not by the soldiers who, let us remember, will design and direct the new world when the fighting is over. It is thus a European responsibility.

To talk at this hour of "knock-outs" is levity. Our true objective is and must be *a European whole*, not a European disparity or discord; it is thus a point of correction. When that is reached our work is done; the rest must be creation. That is the new thing the war has given us—a common creativeness.

We can face the future, then, with a quiet confidence. What remains to do is full of hope, for assuredly it can only be accomplished through reason. And this we owe to Russia. Thus the Democracies of Europe can hail Democracy and cry: "The peoples perish that they may live."

"Ireland a Nation"

By Major Stuart-Stephens

THE Sister Isle is a strange compound of the tragic and the humorous, of the heroic and the sordid. And because her people are largely of Celtic or Iberian origin, their ideals and their manner of expression present a perpetual enigma to the Anglo-Saxon understanding. The English regard as amazing and incomprehensible the spectacle of the British nation offering Ireland Home Rule, and Irishmen of every school of thought indignantly refusing it. This paradoxical situation has hopelessly befogged Ireland's well-wishers in England, who cannot explain to themselves why Ireland is the only part of the Empire in which they appear to be unable to provide a Government which suits the governed. Nothing would give these worthy Englishmen greater pleasure than to settle the perennial problem of a discontented Erin, whom they of late regard with lofty magnanimity, as more sinned against than sinning, and they recognise that the present Irish situation is one of gravest moment. They want to give a scheme, *Made in England*, of self-government to the Irish people, and to give it to them under the most generous conditions, and then these ardent Constitution-makers uplift their hands to the grey English July sky and, like Dominie Simpson, cry, "Prodegious!"—for they are spiritually incapable of appreciating the "Ireland a nation" argument which has time after time floored every Home Rule Bill hailing from Downing Street. For here is the essence of that hopeless deadlock which Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, and now Lloyd George have all in turn failed to overcome because of the Anglo-Saxon inability to understand the meaning of the time-honoured toast drank to by Hibernian patriots the wide world over, "Ireland a Nation."

English statesmen see an Ireland which is largely

evolved from the English imagination—an imagination which, with the best intentions in the world, is deplorably wanting in an instructed sympathy for the ways and manners of Egyptians, Irish, Sikhs, or French-Canadians. To their vision the dominant interests of the population of North-East Ulster are the building of monster floating palaces, the weaving and bleaching of innumerable miles of the finest linen in the world, tempered by an austere habit of living in rigid domestic retirement. As for the rest of this extraordinary country, the people are averse to industrialism, and what chiefly occupies their unstable minds are politics and a time-wasting addiction to the amenities of social life.

This picture is not overdrawn; it is painted and repainted for my enlightenment by my English friends whenever comes up for discussion the eternal never understood (in Merrie England) Irish question.

And at these improving exchanges of expert opinion the writer is gravely assured that the local majority in Orange Ulster wants to be let alone in their earnest ambition for rivalling in industrial development the East or Middle West of the United States (by the way, the nearest thing I have ever seen in the United Kingdom to an American city is the unlovely city of Belfast), to remain in the Union (sanctified by Pitt's Secret Service largesse), and to be under the Imperial Parliament at Westminster as passionately as the day-dreaming rest of Ireland wants none of these things. I have found it useless to combat these weird and wonderful views held of a country conquered by England many centuries past, and divided from England by the few generally turbulent miles of the misnamed "Irish Sea." Unprofitable to English consumption would it be for me to make oath and declaration that, despite their keenness for commercial progress, the housing conditions of the serfs of shipyard and factory in Belfast are inestimably more disconcerting than those of the well-fed, well-clothed, prosperous agriculturists of, say, County Cork, who have to get up too early in the morning "to give the pigs their breakfast," to find time to indulge in "day-dreams," also that the *viveurs* of the "cold, black North" can trip it just as merrily and enjoy "divarshun" no less than these "irresponsible, pleasure-loving Southerners,"

and that the vast majority of Ulstermen would no more think of, on the Home Rule question, rushing into a sanguinary civil war than the Sinn Feiners would seriously contemplate, with green, white, and yellow banners unfurled and bands pealing forth "Macslattery's Mounted Foot," taking the field against the gigantic British Army of the present year of grace. These ridiculous conceptions of things Irish are enough to induce a normally peaceful Hibernian tom-cat, whether from historic Kilkenny or elsewhere, to turn round and badly scratch his godmother. Even the re-writing of them here stimulates me to sally forth and wreak my temper on a convenient German, if one of that charming nation was only obliging enough to come into my purview; but this inconceivable ignorance of the Irish point of view, which has through all the long centuries, since Strongbow's filibustering venture, existed in Great Britain has never been more disastrously illustrated than in the English management of this Irish Convention in 1917.

The English Government, being not over gently impelled by their new American Allies, has announced in resounding phrases through its Prime Minister its intention to settle the never-ending Irish question, and to settle it on the lines which are implied in the American admonitions. After which Mr. Lloyd George proceeds to "pack" the Convention with an utterly unreasonable proportion of Government nominees, and, further, he approves of the dispatch to the United States on a confidential mission of Mr. T. P: O'Connor as representative of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Now the lessons of the Clare and Kilkenny elections (I am writing on July 16th before the last event, which I foresee will result in the return by an overwhelming majority of the Sinn Fein candidate) show unmistakably that the Redmondite—Devlin—Dillon Constitutional Party are having the political ground swept from under their feet by the "Ireland a Nation" party, which, usually known as the Sinn Feiners, are most truly representative of the major body of Irish opinion. What, then, was the *raison d'être* for the sending across the Atlantic of "Tay Pay" to preach to unheeding ears? To use the phrase of one of the Premier's friends, "To dish the Sinn Feiners," the men who are daily proving themselves to be real masters

of the Irish situation. Here was a cynical contempt for the principle that "to them that hath it shall be given." But the Sinn Feiners' colleagues across the "herring pond" refused to be "dished." Rather did they assume an offensive-defensive; indeed, they very successfully "dished" their old friend, "Tay Pay." When that eminent journalist and literary patron of duchesses stepped forth from the liner he was met by a deputation of Sinn Feiners, cheered by the sight of the Sinn Fein revolutionary colours, and heartened after his perilous voyage by a Sinn Fein band, and thus fittingly escorted to his hotel by the very men whose ways and works he has risked three thousand miles of submarine-infested ocean to expose and denounce. It was all very Irish, and the next morning, when the New York Press described the incident in satiric headlines, all Manhattan echoed with Homeric laughter. But the secrecy which shrouded the wonderful O'Connor mission has not been regarded in a humorous spirit in Ireland. Rather has it convinced the predominant party there that no fair play is to be looked for from Downing Street. All might have been saved if Mr. Lloyd George had taken my advice, or that of any other Irishman who really knows Ireland and the undercurrents of Irish political life. Why did not the Premier, when he released the Irish political prisoners from Lewes Gaol, ask Professor John O'Neil, the Countess Markievicz, and other of the romantics, to meet their Sinn Fein idealist colleagues from Ireland and dine with him at his official residence at Downing Street, and over wine and walnuts he would have been able to extract from his certainly interesting guests how they proposed to govern their country on the lines of "Ireland a Nation"? And in his after-dinner speech he might have gracefully alluded to the fact that Ireland would be free to devise her own Constitution, not one made in England. Ireland would have been on her best behaviour, and I am confident that she would not, like Oliver Twist, have "asked for more." But the golden opportunity was lost, and, I fear, irretrievably.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

SOUTH WIND. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Martin Secker. 1917.

This is a book of unusual and brilliant quality, which the appreciative will read with grateful chuckles, and help to be a perpetual entertainment. There is no story, or none that matters; even when, towards the end, Mr. Douglas appears to become conscious of this omission and sets out in a vast hurry to remedy it (even to the extent of murder and mystery), we are never moved, or intended, to regard his efforts too seriously. For the rest the book is less a novel than a social satire. Mr. Douglas has fastened upon a little society of English and Italians, living a life of unlimited leisure on an exquisite island (whose identity is hardly disguised), and played upon by the withering south wind that, in those latitudes, is "neither good for man nor beast." The talk of these persons, their intrigues, their scandal-mongering, the wit of some few and the futility of most, are the matter of his theme. One knew already that Mr. Norman Douglas was the ideal writer of travel volumes: the setting of *South Wind* enables him to give some vivid pictures of Italian scenes, so vividly realised that the book may be regarded as a kind of holiday substitute. But it is for the ironical and deep-biting wit of the author that *South Wind* deserves to live; it encourages one to regard Mr. Douglas as a modern Petronius, whose future volumes (to which we look forward) will fill a space too long vacant in satiric letters.

FICTION

MARSHDIKES. By HELEN ASHTON. T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.

This is a well-written story with a strong human appeal. It is dramatic and full of incident and movement, and yet it is told with restraint and finish, which proves that the writer has insight and understanding. The three central characters are well drawn, they are realistic and convincing, and the minor parts are always well sustained. Altogether a very entertaining and clever novel.

AUTUMN. By MURIEL HINE. John Lane. 6*s*.

That Muriel Hine's new book is abundantly clever all will agree; her keen mind and conscientious workmanship banish all fear of incidental dullness, but the great and tragic theme of mature love at odds with convention but obeying honour does not dominate the lesser pipes of the brilliant orchestration as one feels that it should do in art, whatever may be the case in real life. Muriel Hine gives hints of a power she could use if she would, and let us, her admirers, hope that this promise will some time be fulfilled. Meanwhile, *Autumn* is—one is bound to say so—charming.

EXTRA TURNS. By F. W. THOMAS. Newnes. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Thomas is the humorist of good humour and of brevity, that soul of wit. His stories are genuinely funny, and his telling of them so direct and jolly that one fails to see the art of them in its fulness; it would take an old hand to discover that they are written to the measure of a newspaper column if this fact were not given away in advance. This we may accept as the proper length for a funny story, for there is a rich finish and completeness about these extra turns which is a delight in itself. Soldiers, sailors, schoolgirls, tramps, costers, boys turn from common objects to creatures of pure delight in the glow of these brief appearances. You almost seem to hear the band and the laughing audience. An altogether jolly book of tales, adorned with clever silhouettes by Mr. Watson Williams.

POETRY

POSTHUMOUS POEMS BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., and THOMAS JAMES WISE. London: Heinemann. 1917.

Aptly in the Swinburnian year arrives this collection of poems, some previously known by a few, and certain others never before seen in print. It includes the beautiful (but academically unsuccessful) competitor for the Newdigate Prize of 1858 on "The Death of Sir John Franklin," and a number of shorter pieces of various dates, but mostly from the earlier period of Swinburne's literary life. Besides

these, the first part of the volume is filled by the eleven Border Ballads, discovered by Mr. Wise among the MSS. "which he bought from Watts Dunton." For their sake alone students and lovers of the poet would give it a fervent welcome. Reading them, we can well understand Morris's objection to Swinburne as an editor of genuine Border ballads, on the ground that "he would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original stuff." This, and much other matter of interest, you will find in Mr. Gosse's vigorous and outspoken Preface, which ends with a provoking hint that in other and less censorious days further verse of the master may yet be given to an un-Grundified world. Lastly, in this collection, it must surely be with a strange emotion that the generations of humorists who have founded reputations upon their burlesques of the poet's characteristic style will learn how A. C. S. himself bettered all their efforts with a brilliant parody of a chorus in "By the North Sea":

> "In my poems, with ravishing rapture,
> Storm strikes me, and strokes me, and stings;
> But I'm scarcely the bird you might capture
> Out of doors in the thick of such things.
> I prefer to be well out of harm's way,
> When tempest makes tremble the tree,
> And the wind with omnipotent arm-sway
> Makes soap of the sea."

Which of the Philistines has evoked a more delicately mocking echo?

WAR

THE CHOICE BEFORE US. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 5*s*. net.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson writes admirably, and what he says is always thoughtful and arresting, so that no man need fear to read this tome of quiet logical reasoning on the great problem of war. Much of what he says is indisputable, but the author deliberately refrains from discussing the present war, which, if in the abstract sense it is a strength, in the practical sense is somewhat unfortunate. For war is reality, and only the bold handling of the subject can be convincing. This is the weakness of the book; it is theoretical. Mr. Lowes Dickinson does not face the problem of life or nature, which is a battle, of which war is only the organised expression. He thinks war can be

eliminated, that men will learn not to fight, and it is on this theory that he develops his argument. This leads him into difficulties, thus about our Navy in a world peace settlement, which he admits must be "preponderant." If that is so, how then can we expect other peoples to accept our supremacy?—for life is not stationary, nothing in life is stationary, least of all empires and nations, and life itself is strife. Strife commercially, intellectually, economically, sexually; nor can we foresee a time when human vitality and ambition will cease to strive. The Navy argument is precisely the cause of German hostility to us, for instance. There can be no finality in strength. The assumption that the Powers will accept our Naval supremacy is one of the root causes of German hate; that way there is no hope. But people will form their own conclusions. The book is apposite and carefully conceived, and should be a real help to those who seek to arrive at a constructive peace with some chance of after-war security and concord.

A Regiment of Women. By Clemence Dane. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

This is a good novel. The writer is new, the subject is new; it is a book which can be read either as a good story or as a work of serious interest concerning the problem of girls' schools and the psychology and position of women. The effects derive automatically from evident sound knowledge of schools and that perception which is woman's prerogative, and it is for this reason that this study must be pronounced arresting. It is a portrait of a schoolmistress, the vampire type, who indirectly does much ill to sensitive natures, such as the girl who loves her and commits suicide in consequence; and the type of girl drawn in Alwynne at last rescued by man. Here also we find the reaction. The novel is a wholesome antidote to the sex-war proclaimed by militant suffragists, and this is the moral of the tale. We have, indeed, more than a clever novel. The author had something to say; she has succeeded in her task brilliantly.

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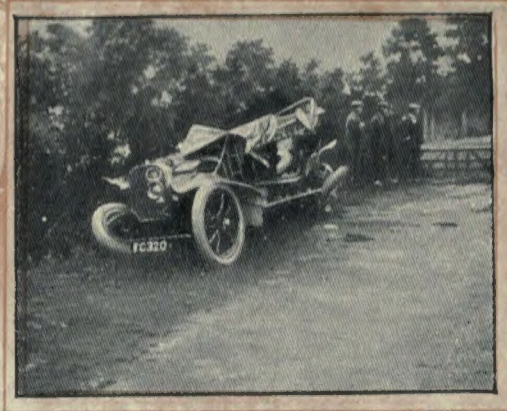

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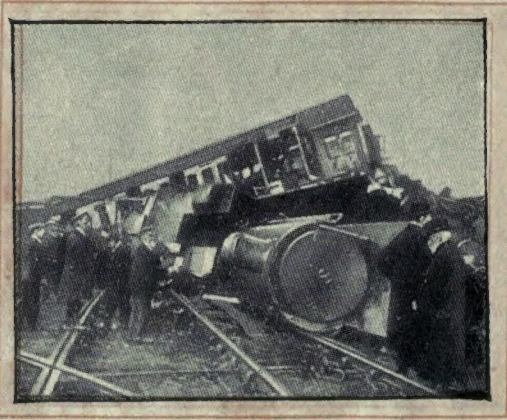

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